

The Sketch

No. 1237—Vol. XCVI.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1916.

SIXPENCE.



TO BE IN "VANITY FAIR," AT THE PALACE: Mlle. RÉGINE FLORY.

Mlle. Régine Flory, who is to be in "Vanity Fair," the new revue at the Palace, is already well known in London, thanks to her previous appearances here, not only at the Palace, but at the Empire and elsewhere. When she was at the Empire, at the

end of 1914, she showed that she could do serious work by appearing as Mme. Laroc in the playlet, "A House on the Frontier," which formed a scene of "By Jingo, If We Do!"—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]

FACES ACROSS THE FOOTLIGHTS: A BEVY OF STAGE



AS SEEN IN "THE MODEL AND THE MAN," AT THE PRINCE'S THEATRE: MISS GRACE NEWCOME.



ENGAGED TO TAKE A LEADING PART IN "BRIC-À-BRAC" ON TOUR: MISS DAPHNE GLENNE.



A "BUDDING ACTRESS," AND A "CLEANER" IN "PELL MELL": MISS JOAN COULTHURST.



RECENTLY ADDED TO THE CAST OF "FLYING COLOURS": MISS DOROTHY WARD.

Miss Grace Newcome is at present appearing in "The Model and the Man," the curtain-raiser at the Prince's Theatre that precedes "Broadway Jones."—Miss Daphne Glenne has just gone on tour in "Bric-à-Brac," which recently concluded its record run at the Palace. It is to do an extensive round in the provinces, and was due to open on Monday (the 9th) at the King's Theatre, Glasgow.—Miss Phyllis Hobday is one of the charming *mannequins* in the "Fashion Parade" scene of "Flying Colours," at the Hippodrome. She is among the group called "My Ladies of the Evening" who attend the Queen of the Mannequins.—Miss Irene Magley figures prominently as a dancer in the new revue at the Comedy, "This and That." In different scenes, she is the "Sixth Jack-in-the-Box," a "Russian Dancer," and a "Programme-Seller." She also does a cake walk with Miss Eileen Molyneux.—Miss Mary Glynn, who has not been a grown-up actress many years, is now playing the heroine, Euphrosyne Dayle, in Mr. Harold Brighouse's new comedy, "The Clock

BEAUTIES APPEARING IN LONDON OR ON TOUR.



A "MY LADY OF THE EVENING" IN "FLYING COLOURS": MISS PHYLLIS HOBDAY.



A "JACK-IN-THE-BOX" AND A DANCER IN "THIS AND THAT": MISS IRENE MAGLEY.



THE HEROINE OF "THE CLOCK GOES ROUND," AT THE GLOBE: MISS MARY GLYNN.



TO PLAY MISS VIOLET LORAINÉ'S PART IN "THE BING BOYS ARE HERE" ON TOUR: MISS MABEL TWEMLOW.



DANCING AT TWO THEATRES—THE HIPPODROME AND THE HAYMARKET: MISS DOLLY MEWSE.

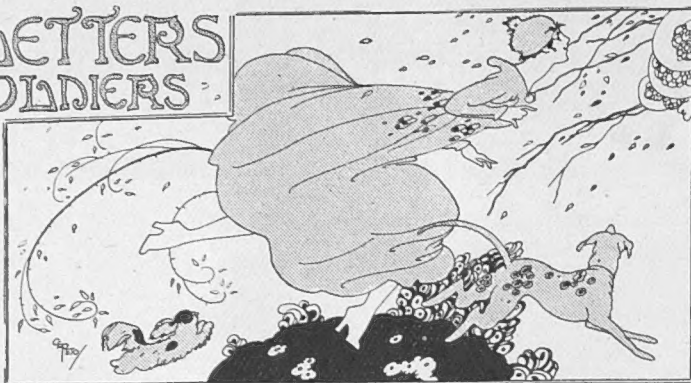
Goes Round," at the Globe. Euphrosyne is a Pierrette in a company of entertainers.—Miss Joan Coulthurst is appearing in "Pell Mell" at the Ambassadors', where she is among the "Budding Actresses" in the first scene, and, later, among the "Eight Little Cleaners," the "three Little Girls," and the "Ladies of the Sultan's Establishment."—Miss Dorothy Ward, who has become as popular in revue as in musical comedy and pantomime, joined the cast of "Flying Colours" soon after the opening night.—Miss Mabel Twemlow, we understand, is to appear as Emma (Miss Violet Lorainé's part at the Alhambra) in the touring company of "The Bing Boys Are Here."—Miss Dolly Mewse and her dancing partner, Mr. Harry Singer, are at present making two appearances a night. One is in the third act of "Mr. Jubilee Drax," at the Haymarket, and the other in "The Dancing Carnival," the closing scene of the Hippodrome revue, "Flying Colours."—[Photographs by Malcolm Arbuthnot, Elliott and Fry, Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd., Rita Mar'in, Elwin Neame, and Bertram Park.]

PHRYNETTE'S LETTERS TO LONELY SOLDIERS

LADY LILY AND DAME
PRUDERY — EVERYBODY'S
BABY.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

(Author of "Phrynette and London" and
"Phrynette Married.")



I FEEL I am going to be frightfully boring to-day. You see, I have been reading the papers—a thing I seldom do, on principle, unless my readers send me cuttings of interest. A paper diet disagrees with me. To begin with, I want to believe that this world of ours is learning its lessons, like a good child at school, and getting wiser and wiser; and the Press will put a perverse pressure on one's optimism! In other words, to read gives one furiously to think, and to think is very disturbing. For instance, I read, as I sip my tea, that the Bishop of London advises the filling-up of cradles, and at the very same breakfast I open a letter from one of my readers who is a social worker—

"DEAR PHRYNETTE,—We are having a Sweated Industries and Mothercraft Exhibition at Caxton Hall on Dec. 7, 8, and 9. We intend having a few women from the East End here, who will work their trades, on those dates, and charts are being prepared showing the scale of wages compared with the cost of living. We are intensely anxious to raise funds to spend on preliminary expenses, advertising, etc., as, of course, if we are going to run the Exhibition at a profit we must be prepared for a considerable outlay. The Exhibition is being held to raise funds for the work Miss Pankhurst is carrying on here. Of course, you have heard of our Nursery; but in case you have not, I am enclosing a leaflet.

"We also have a 'cost-price' restaurant, where men and women engaged on munition and other work can have a good dinner at fourpence. But I think you must know of these things." (No, I did not, I am ashamed to say. Who works the mirac'ous fourpenny dinner?)

"I should like to add that, in addition to the serious side of the Exhibition, we are having a concert, where we expect several prominent artists to appear, also a Dalcroze display and an exhibit of the Montessori method of teaching, which should interest those of your readers who are mothers and teachers.

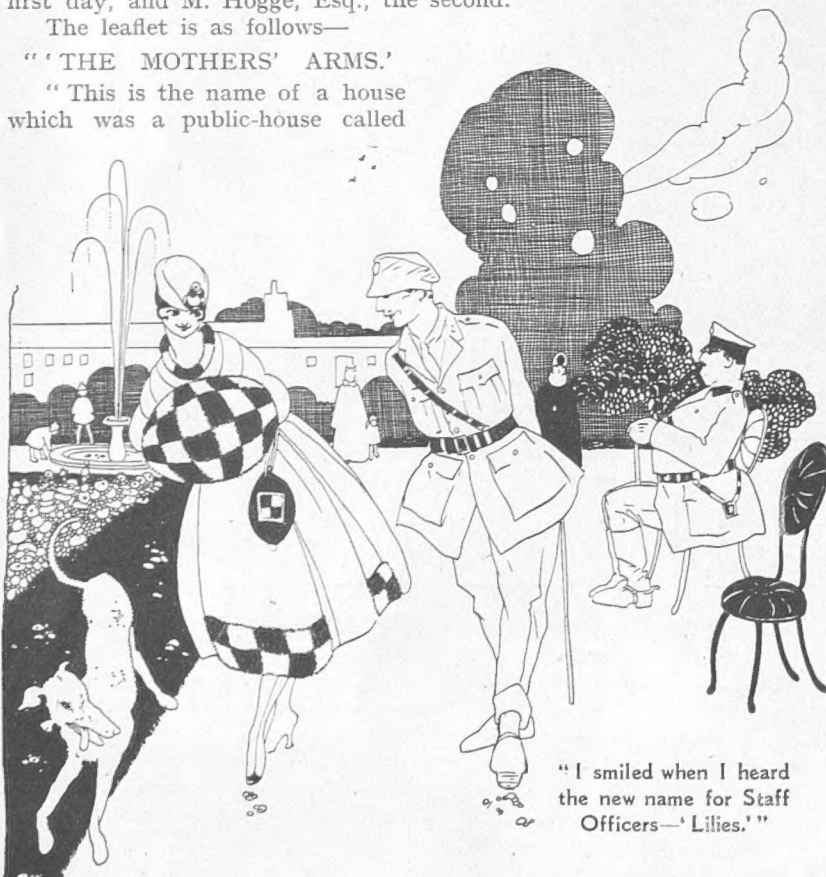
"Then there is the sale of work. Our members down here are willing to spend time on making garments and fancy articles, but, unfortunately, they have no money to spend on materials, so perhaps some of your readers would be generous enough to send us flannel for infants' clothes, and any other materials. We should, of course, be very pleased to receive ready-made things, but I think, perhaps, an appeal for materials would be more successful; but don't forget the *Funds*.

"Mr. Israel Zangwill is opening the Exhibition the first day, and M. Hogge, Esq., the second."

The leaflet is as follows—

"'THE MOTHERS' ARMS.'

"This is the name of a house which was a public-house called



"I smiled when I heard
the new name for Staff
Officers—'Lilies.'"

'The Gunmakers' Arms.' We have converted it into a 'milk-house' Clinic and Day Nursery. The Day Nursery is for the children of very poor mothers who are workers, and who from any circumstances are temporarily unable to provide necessary nourishment and proper care for their young children while they are at work. Those mothers, when they go out to work, can leave their children under school age in the large bright nursery for 4d. per day, where they are washed, clothed, fed, given toys to play with, and looked after by a trained nurse and volun-

tary helpers, taken into Victoria Park, given medical attention when necessary, and taught good habits.

"In the Clinic, necessitous, expectant, and nursing mothers receive milk, dinners at 3d. a head (or free, when necessary), medical attention for themselves and their children, and advice from a trained nurse.

"We have three other centres on the same lines—at 20, Railway Street, Poplar; at 53, St. Leonard Street, Bromley; and at 55, Fife Road, Canning Town.

"SAVE THE BABIES.—

We ask your help in providing pure clean milk (which is the greatest need), doctors, nurses, cots, bedding, clothes, maternity bags. Every 5s. a week goes a long way towards saving the life of a child and reducing infantile mortality.

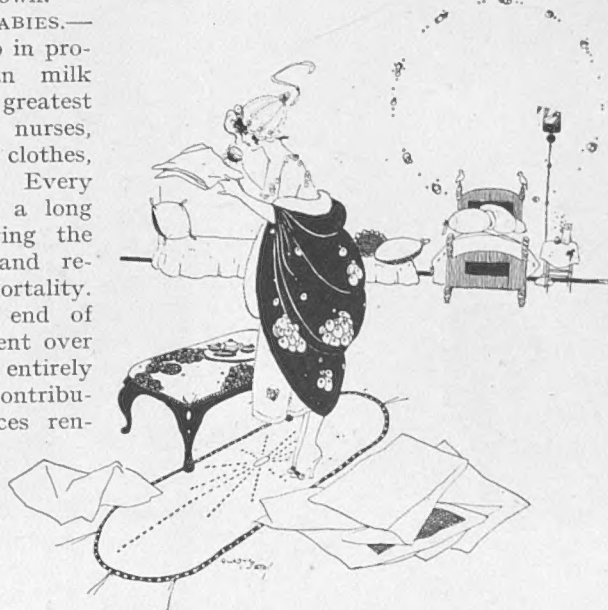
"Up to the end of November we spent over £2050, received entirely from voluntary contributions. All services rendered, except by doctors, nurses, housekeeper, and two probationers, are unpaid.

"Help the babies in the 'Mother's Arms' by sending a subscription to the Hon. Treasurer, Dr.

Tchaykovsky, Langham House, Harrow, or by writing to the Hon. Sec., Miss Sylvia Pankhurst, 400, Old Ford Road, Bow, E., to offer voluntary service."

I think we'll make a pilgrimage to the "Mothers' Arms," you and I, on your next leave.

Now, if I hadn't happened to read the paper, but only that letter, I would have thought there were too many babies for the number of cows, since there's not milk enough to fill every baby's bottle! But the Bishop does not speak of such secondary matters as babies' bottles, and I, of course, being only a woman and not a Bishop, what should I know about babies—or economic questions? Why, in my ignorance I was almost going to imagine that it might be kinder and economically wiser to feed, care for, and bring up the already existing babies. But perhaps the Lord Bishop was addressing himself to the selfish and select few who could afford food and fresh air and a proper bringing up for their children, but who, for various reasons, refuse to buy babies. And their reasons are sometimes reasonable. Some people are too fond of their beautiful furniture; others have already lap-dogs and Persian cats who might not like a newcomer and rival; others think this world isn't the place for innocent young things who have done nothing to deserve it; others consider that, wars being caused by surplus population, it is less cruel not to create than to kill, and that it's less painful not to have at all than to love and to lose; others frankly dislike children, and so dispense with them. All this applies to the comfortable classes: with money, one (or two, rather) can afford to have and not to have children. But *every baby is everybody's baby*. No, don't smile—I am not being flippant, I assure you. What I mean is that every baby is everybody's business. Is it right to call Baby "from Everywhere into here" without knowing first whether the cradle to be filled is a clean cradle, or if there be, indeed, a cradle at all—whether she who rocks it is a healthy, happy mother, not overworked, over-worried, under-fed, and under-paid? The call would choke in one's throat if one knew how cruel that call to Baby can be. The woman who could but will not afford a family might, if not adopt an orphan—"one of too many"—at least contribute to keep up a crèche. But she'd find adopting a baby a fascinating new game, as patience-



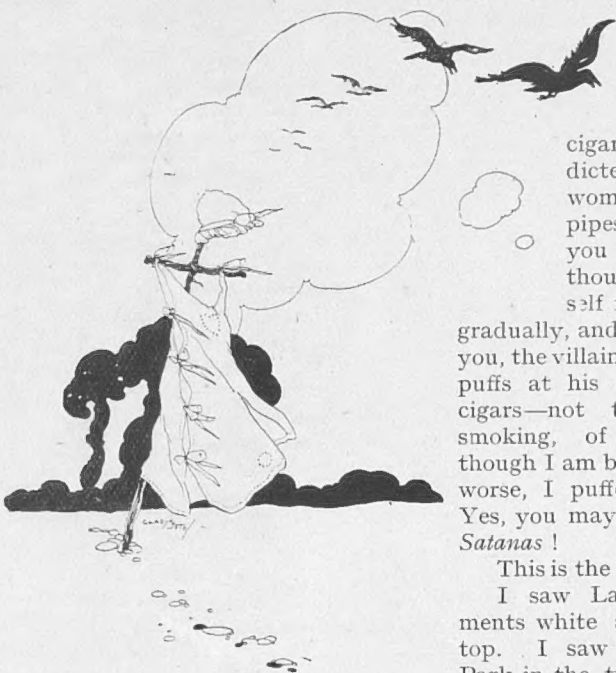
"I read, as I sip my tea, that the Bishop
of London advises the filling-up of cradles."

needing and as difficult as golf. A game that would keep her (if she went thoroughly into it) sitting up until the small hours—like bridge. She'd discover that a baby is quite as capricious as a motor-car, as affectionate as a lemur, and even more becoming to a woman than the smartest hat! (If there is not a run on babies after that, and an epidemic in cradle-making, it will be that I haven't so many readeresses as in my vanity I had imagined!)

I see that Leslie Henson, who is the heart and soul of "Leslie and Co."—"Theodore and Co.," I mean—at the Gaiety, has, too, been taken to task for saying of some nighties, "Imagine this filled with the right stuff!"

Now then, Leslie, I am surprised at you! Don't you know that the real and only purpose of such—er—things is to be put on two sticks in a field and frighten the birds away? "Right stuff" indeed, Sir—tut, tut! Now, if only you had said the "wrong stuff" it would have placed you among the moral authorities at once! Couldn't you add some lines extolling blameless calico and faultless flannelette *indifferently filled*? Or there are pyjamas!

These columns and columns in the newspapers on how London should behave, and how many children she should have, and what



"The use of such things is to be put on two sticks in a field, to frighten the birds away."

Lily smiled, and sometimes stopped and sat with them, and sometimes went on discreetly with a little sympathetic shrug.

And behind her I saw someone like her, and yet that was only a grotesque likeness of her. And whereas Lady Lily had a suite of young lovers and little children, She who was aping her was surrounded by old women of both sexes armed with magnifying-glasses and queer little instruments which I discovered were mud-testing machines. Whenever Dame Prudery, in her London-white dress, tight-laced and made after the fashion of a strait-jacket that had often and often gone to the wash and been starched stiff—whenever she and her retinue passed a bough behind which two chairs *might* be hidden, she despatched some of her scouts, who crept on tip-toe, and listened, and peeped through the leaves, and came back out of breath and filled with envious anger. "Oh, Dame Prudery, these times are shocking—shocking! Why, behind this bough there are actually two young people sweetheating—yes, in the open air too, *for all the world to see*! No sense of shame! Have they no house, then, with blinds over the windows?" And Dame Prudery and her followers would croak in a chorus: "Shocking, shocking—most shocking!"

And whereas Lady Lily crossed a mud-patch without touching it or being spotted by it—like a sunbeam across a marsh—whenever Dame Prudery and her suite came to a muddy depression in the path they all gathered around it, gloating over it, giving little grunts of joy, and using their wicked instruments to probe the depth of the mud-hole. "Oh, Dame Prudery, see how thick this mud, and how much there is of it, and it makes a stain that never comes off! Shocking,

shocking—most shocking! Let's take some with us as samples and for further experiments."

And they began splashing about with their heavy, clumsy feet, and everyone who passed by and was not careful was splashed by them.

I woke up with a little shudder—cleaners are so expensive nowadays. It was a most realistic dream—in fact, *I am not sure it was a dream!*

I say, why so much sarcasm against Staff Officers, you cruel youths? Of course I smiled, but I know I ought not to, when one of you asked whether I had heard the new name for Staff Officers:

"'Lilies,' for they toil not, neither do they spin, but Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Poor Solomon, he was too early for the band! But still, I have read he had other compensations. I always imagine Solomon in a sumptuous Chu-Chin-Chow sort of setting.

What will you, I'll never dare call any Staff Officers "Lilies"—no, not even *sub rosa*!

And, speaking of compensations, the English are spared one of the horrors of war. The Turks, one hears, are economising in wives. One man who had seven now has three, and it is considered tactless to ask what became of the four that were—economised!

Ever so many thanks to C. of F. K. I was delighted with that Gunner man. I hugged him, I looked at him with fond admiration, I kissed him, and finally I did the hanging with my own hands. (Perhaps I had better mention that the Gunner Man is a picture!) It came *after* my "copy" had been sent out, with in it a little provoking message for you. Please, I retract it, now that it has come true! It is a clear case of telepathy. No, I was not really hurt; but I like to complain, so as to be comforted. And wasn't I comforted? Why, the same day—it felt like a birthday—one of you brought me a big bunch of red roses because I had a cold; red roses are excellent for a cold—cinnamon isn't in it! And then the magnificent picture was sent to me through one of those angel boys

The Sketch keeps on the premises thoughtfully and on purpose, as it would seem, to re-address your letters to me and carry your propitiatory presents—what! It's dear of you, C. of F. K., and I am sorry I nagged!



"A baby is even more becoming to a woman than the smartest hat."



"Some women frankly dislike children."



SMALL TALK



ENGAGED TO SECOND - LIEUTENANT ERIC S. LENNARD : MISS AMY ISABEL PADDON. Miss Paddon is the second daughter of the late Mr. Neville Paddon and Lady Crofton, of Mote Park, Roscommon, Ireland. Second-Lieutenant Lennard, Machine Gun Corps, is the fourth son of Mr. and Mrs. Lennard, of Adelaide Crescent, Hove.

Photograph by Lafayette.

visitors have to get at him from Hampstead or Kensington, especially if he happens to like them well enough to want to see them every day; and many young men are, of course, consigned to places a good deal more remote than Woolwich. Lady Diana, like her mother, has had experience of the outlying hospitals. She has done her bit, including the scrubbing of a floor and innumerable journeys, in more than one county; and it seems wholly reasonable that her energies, and the energies of others like her, should be conserved by being centred at home. She will not scrub floors in Arlington Street, for it is conceded by those who have observed her various talents that she is far more expert in other and directer means of improving the lot of the "casualties."

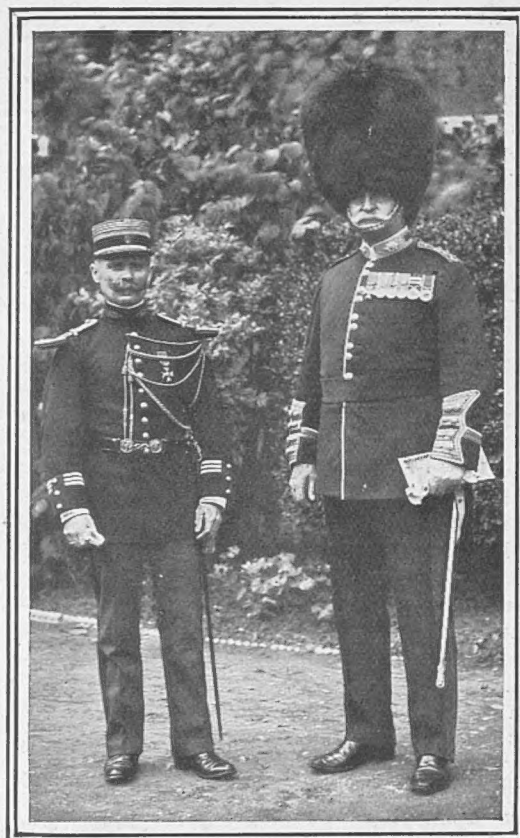
Singular!

The English breakfast is a habit hard to shatter. In the Regent Palace Hotel the other morning I noticed the universal taste; a hundred or more tables, and all faithful to the morning menu of our

THE renewal of heavy officer casualties has brought home to many people the need for more hospitals, and especially for more London hospitals. Large experience of the desires and preferences of the wounded has led the Duchess of Rutland (and she is one among many) to turn her own town-house over to the uses of the moment. For young men with their faculties gradually returning to them after, say, a dose of shell-shock, the attractions of being installed in the centre of things—as much in the centre of things as the Manners family—are naturally very considerable.

Lady Diana Not to Scrub.

Even Woolwich seems a long way off to the young man whose



TWO FAMOUS BANDMASTERS: CAPTAIN MACKENZIE ROGAN, M.V.O., AND CAPTAIN BALAY.

Captain Mackenzie Rogan (right), Coldstream Guards, is a very familiar figure not only in the world of military music, in which he has won so conspicuous a position, but to the music-loving public generally, who have enjoyed the fruits of his talent for many years past. He is seen here with Captain Balay (left), Garde Républicaine, whose famous band has just delighted British lovers of music in London, and has played before the King and Queen at Windsor, where this interesting photograph was taken.—[Photograph by Russell and Sons.]

But with one difference. The war has not changed the nature of our food, but has modified its bulk, and in so doing altered an immemorial phrase. "Eggs-and-bacon" is no longer in the every-day vocabulary. Instead, we order, and get, "Egg-and-bacon."

Those Flagging Flags.

It was clear last Wednesday that London was kicking quite a little against the flags. Things went sadly for many of the sellers in districts where politeness does not hold the same sway as in Bond Street or round the portals of the big hotels. In Mayfair a seller has a name, and perhaps a title, and antagonism did not flourish. But even there isolated cases of rebellion cropped up, and in more prosaic quarters your mean-spirited citizen justified himself in not buying by

taking thought about the conviction the day before of the unfortunate girls who had pocketed sundry sixpences intended for the box. As far as the funds which benefit by such collections are concerned, those prosecutions were a great mistake. They must have occasioned a loss of some hundreds of pounds. And from the other point of view, it was in some quarters thought that imprisonment was a rather hard fate for damsels who in no sense belonged to the criminal classes, but who, in their extreme unwisdom, appropriated certain excess profits while doing, as they no doubt thought, a work of charity.

A Great New Book.

Mr. Masfield is again the man of the moment. The

last time was when "The Everlasting Mercy" first appeared, with blanks in place of the swear-words. After that he produced too many long ballads, so that Max's caricature and Jack Squire's parody became, for a period, more interesting than the original. A tall man, who in youth followed the sea and whose eye seems still to search a far horizon, Mr. Masfield for some years lived in London—in Coram Street, within ear-shot of such squalid tragedies as his muse favours, and, later, on the Paddington side of Regent's Canal; but he has never caught the trick of advertising, and "Who's Who" gives nothing about him save a bare list of his works and the address of an agent. During the war he has done invaluable service—first, in raising ambulances and conducting them to the places where they were most needed; and, secondly, in giving the nation a noble memorial of the Gallipoli campaign. The genius of Mr. Masfield is evident upon every page—even without the blanks.

The Eton Half.

Eton, with thirteen Belgian recruits and 130 fresh boys in all,

finds itself going strong for the new half, and this despite the fact that many of the elder boys are leaving before their time. It may still be regarded as one of the best clubs in England; a trifle rigorous in its by-laws, perhaps, and deficient in the larger sizes of arm-chairs, but still a place of many interests and much true sociability. Young Lord Romilly, I see, is posted as secretary of the Musical Society; for him, certainly, Eton must serve as something more than school. His father and mother died while he was still quite small, and, as both he and the late Peer were only children, he is unprovided with brothers or sisters, or even so much as a paternal aunt, and on the maternal side he is equally badly off.



NOW APPOINTED MAJOR TO THE HOUSEHOLD BATTALION: CAPT. THE EARL OF KILMOREY.

The Earl of Kilmorey is the fourth holder of the title and fifteenth Viscount Kilmorey. He was born in 1883, and succeeded his father last year. Lord Kilmorey is in the 1st Life Guards. He was High Sheriff for Co. Down in 1913, and has served throughout the European War.

Photograph by Lafayette.



A WORKER FOR THE WOUNDED: MISS VIOLET B. JARDINE.

Miss Jardine is the only daughter of Sir Robert William Buchanan Jardine, second Baronet, and of Lady Jardine, of Castle Milk, Locherbie, N.B., and The Kremlin, Newmarket, and was born in 1897. Throughout the war Miss Jardine has devoted much of her time to working for the wounded.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



A NEW PORTRAIT: MISS IRIS DAWSON.

Miss Dawson is the elder of the two daughters of Commander Sir Arthur Trevor Dawson, R.N., and Lady Dawson. Sir Arthur is a well-known authority on ordnance, and has published several works on the subject. He is a Managing Director and Vice-Chairman of Vickers, Ltd.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

TO BE MISTRESS OF THE ROBES TO QUEEN MARY.



SUCCEEDING THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE AT COURT: HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.

The Duchess of Sutherland—who, it was reported the other day, is to be the new Mistress of the Robes to the Queen, in place of the Duchess of Devonshire, who will be shortly leaving for Canada with the Duke of Devonshire, the successor of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught as Governor-General—is the elder of the two daughters of the Earl and Countess of Lanesborough, and was born in 1891. She was one of the six train-bearers at the Coronation of Queen Mary, and has long been honoured with the

friendship of her Majesty. As Lady Eileen Butler, her Grace was married in 1912 to the fifth Duke of Sutherland, and when the fourth Duke, her husband's father, died, the Marchioness of Stafford, as she was then, became the youngest of the Duchesses. The Duke of Sutherland's grandmother and great-grandmother were both, in their day, Mistresses of the Robes. The present Duchess, who is not yet twenty-five, made a ten-thousand-mile yachting tour with the Duke in 1913-14, in the "Catania."

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY : GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

MOTLEY NOTES



BY KEBLE HOWARD
("Chicot.")

"WHEN THE AGE-LIMIT IS RAISED."

A COMIC EPISODE.

OFFICER. Name ?
RECRUIT. Jones, Sir.
OFFICER. Christian name ?
RECRUIT. Arthur, Sir.
OFFICER. Age last birthday ?
RECRUIT. Forty-eight, Sir.
OFFICER. Married ?
RECRUIT. Yes, Sir.
OFFICER. Any children ?
RECRUIT. Five, Sir.

OFFICER. All living ?
RECRUIT. Yes, Sir.
OFFICER. Any dependents ?
RECRUIT. Seventeen, Sir.
OFFICER. Who are they ?
RECRUIT. Wife, five children, eleven grandchildren.
OFFICER. H'm ! Couldn't you have got a home job ?
RECRUIT. 'Fraid not, Sir.
OFFICER. Why not ? Can't you lick envelopes and so release a young man for the fighting line ?
RECRUIT. 'Fraid not, Sir. Not sufficient brains, energy, or experience.

An Awful Responsibility.

It is an awful responsibility to set a lot of people galloping down a new road. I am feeling this responsibility to-day.

Some years ago—in 1911, to be precise—I tried a new trick on playgoers. I had written a comedy in four acts, the third being split up into a number of scenes in which the heroine was shown "up against it." A manager objected to the four acts. The public, he said, liked their comedies in three acts.

So I went for a long walk, and hit on my new idea. I devised a scheme for showing my third act through my fourth. In the fourth act, the people on the stage would be talking about the heroine and her adventures in the great world. At intervals, bang!—the talkers would be blotted out, and the episode they were discussing would be shown in being. Then, bang!—episode blotted out and the talkers would again appear.

Well, I did it, and I did it in London, and the critics gave me jabs in the neck. But one American critic saw great possibilities in the idea. Now for a sequel (not the first)—

EXTRACT FROM THE *Times*, OCT. 2, 1916.

"So you have some such scheme as this: Conversation round a table, interrupted by references to previous incidents, with each reference immediately followed by a scene showing the incident. . . . The arrangement is novel. It is ingenious. Indeed, it is too ingenious."

So I found. Still, God bless you, my children! I wish you better luck than your old father had!



TO APPEAR IN A NEW REVUE AT A NEW THEATRE: MISS IDA ADAMS, IN THE CAST OF "HOUP-LA!"

Miss Ida Adams is to appear in the first piece to be produced at the new St. Martin's Theatre, which is expected to open on or about Oct. 20. "Houp-La!" as its title indicates, treats of circus life.—[Photograph by Lallie Charles.]

THE CROWN PRINCE INTERVIEW.

I.—HOW IT CAME OUT.

"Have you had a chance to see enough of this dreadful business," the Crown Prince asked; "or does your heart already ache enough over the sorrows which have descended upon this sad region of the earth? What a pity, what a pity it is! All this terrible extinction of human life is blasting the hope and expectancy of youth, and mortgaging our energies and resources far into the future. It is not alone for German lives, for wasted German energies that we mourn. . . .

"It is a pity your treasure is not invested during these hours of world agony in sowing the seed of preparation for the fruits of

peace; so your prosperity would rest in the great harvest which would follow the return to neutral conditions rather than in the unhappy and uncertain fruit of war. Tell me, of all the Generals, all the men, you see on this front, is there one who has not bewailed the dreadful necessities pressed upon us by this combat? You saw yesterday many horrible instruments of destruction we are using—our heavy projectile shells, shrapnel, grenades, liquid fire, bayonets, and knives. . . .

"I have a wife and family, as you know. I can tell you it is no happiness to look forward to spending a third Christmas here."

The Prince heaved a sigh.

"We are all tired of the bloodshed. We all want peace."

II.—HOW IT WENT IN.

MR. HALE. Well, now, Prince, just give me a few pointers and I'll fix it the best I can. Let's take the gloves off. I reckon you want peace, and want it pretty bad?

C.P. Yes; but don't put it like that, for heaven's sake!

MR. HALE. Say, Prince, do you take me for a mug? I got my end of the stick all right, all right. I'll drop you in some good Sunday School stuff for a start. What next?

C.P. Don't forget to frighten 'em a bit. Tell 'em we can still scratch.

MR. HALE. Right you are, Prince. I'll ring it in good and

strong 'bout the liquid fire and that line of goods.

C.P. And I think dad would like you to rap your own people over the knuckles on the munition question.

MR. HALE. I got a note of that.

C.P. You might hint that we could make it worth their while, after the war, to give us rather special treatment just now.

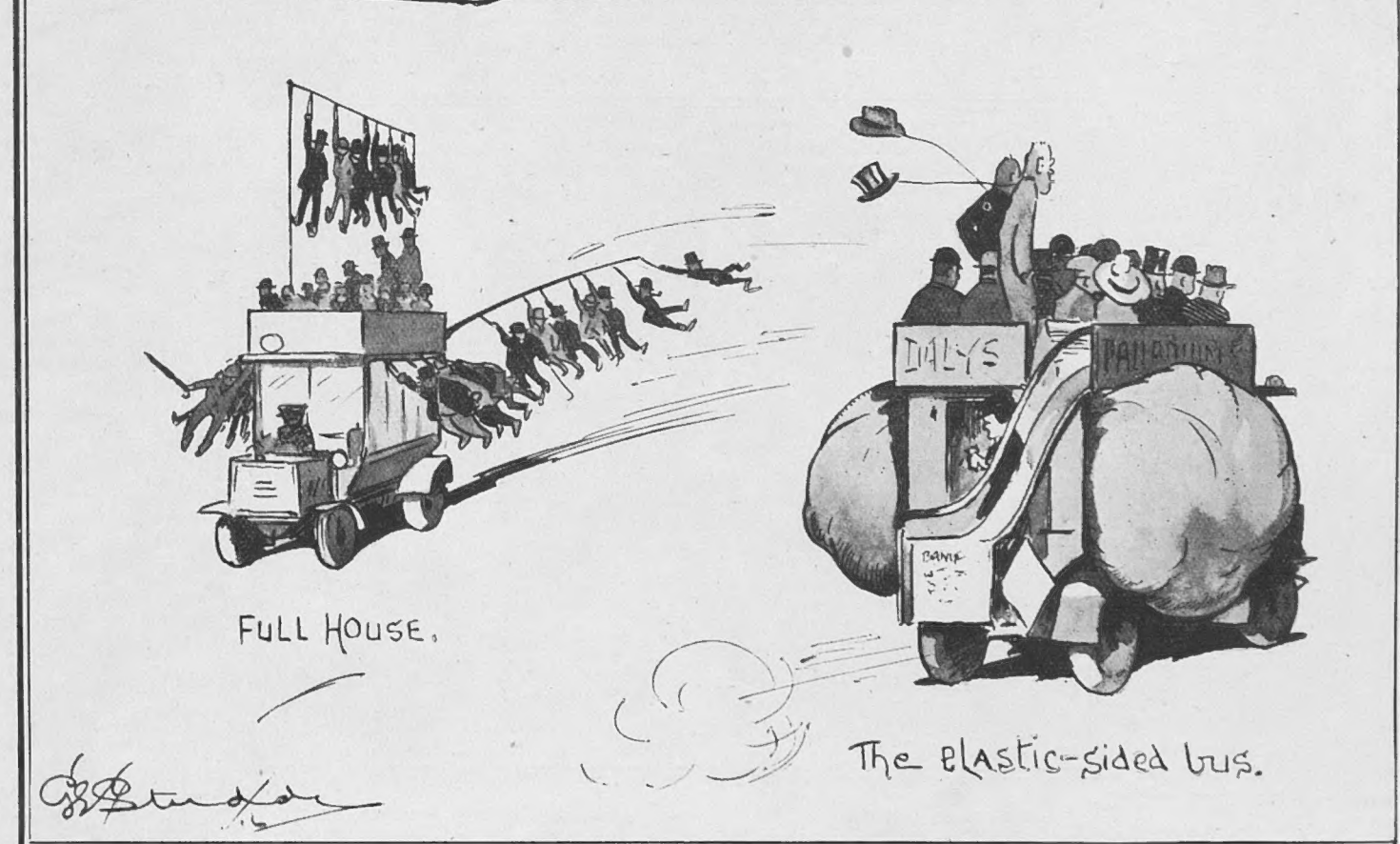
MR. HALE. That's a bet. I'll ask 'em, in the right language, if they know which side their bread's buttered.

C.P. Exactly. And how would it be to top the whole thing off with a domestic touch? Your people are a bit on the sentimental side, aren't they?

MR. HALE. That's so. A good idea. I'll play you up as daddy yearning for a glimpse of the cradle. So long, Prince, and thank you.

C.P. (calling). Oh, and strafe England!

ROAD BOARD, PLEASE NOTE.



THE PROBLEM OF THE MOTOR-BUS: SOME SOLUTIONS SUGGESTED BY OUR ARTIST.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



THE CLUBMAN

"MUSIC'S GOLDEN TONGUE": INTERNATIONAL HARMONY: MEATLESS MENUS.

The French Band. The band of the Garde Républicaine are old friends of London, for they have been in our midst more than once before, though most of the Londoners seem to have forgotten the fact. Possibly, however, very few of the present musicians were in the band on previous visits, the last of which occurred ten years ago, in 1906, when the band of the Garde crossed the Channel and were entertained by our Brigade of Guards.

The Coldstreamers at Boulogne. How well the musicians of the French Garde and those of our own Brigade of Guards fraternised I saw in Boulogne the next year. The municipality of Boulogne had been reproached that there was not enough music on the promenade by the sea to attract British visitors, and the Mayor (the very pro-British gentleman who for so long was the chief magistrate of the town) and his Council conceived the happy idea of bringing over British bands to play. Amongst the British bands that came over—mostly, I think, from Folkestone—was the band of the Coldstream Guards under Captain Mackenzie Rogan, one of whose marches the Frenchmen have included in their London programmes. To make the musical attraction entirely complete, the Mayor invited the band of the Garde Républicaine to Boulogne at the same time, and Boulogne considered itself exceedingly lucky to have the two typical military bands of France and Great Britain in their midst at the same time. The French band took charge of the musicians of the British band, and showed them all the sights of the town, as I am quite sure the British Guardsmen would have done last week if the Frenchmen had not found every hour mapped out for them in seeing the sights.

Sousa's Band. Of the military bands that have really made an impression on Londoners I think that Sousa's band and the Garde Municipal stand first. Sousa's band was a civilian band, but it played march music, and its instruments were those of a brass band. In the days of the exhibitions at Earl's Court and the White City one or two fine foreign bands came to our shores each year, and tight-tunicked Austrians, and Japanese, and Italians with cocks'-feathers in their hats have all made music for us. One year I think the Kaiser sent us over one of his bands.

The Meatless Day. Did not Mr. Winston Churchill many weeks ago prophesy that a meatless day would be one of the necessary economies that a Briton must make during the war? Perhaps Mr. Churchill had chatted with some of the members of the Food Commission before the meatless day figured

amongst the Commission's recommendations. The Germans find no difficulty in imposing two meatless days upon their people, for their system of bread and meat tickets compels everybody to conform to this regulation. But it is difficult to see, unless some such system as the German one is imposed, how the British public, if it wants to eat meat on seven days of the week, is to be stopped from doing so. Closing the butchers' shops on Friday would mean that the mutineers would deal with two butchers on the Thursday.

The "Gros Pièce." Well-to-do families will, I am sure, conform to the regulation, if it is made, without a grumble. A turkey, a goose, or a guinea-fowl during the winter will take the place of the beef or mutton; and baked pike, salmon, sturgeon, and turbot are all dishes substantial enough to satisfy hunger. Most of us are conscious that we eat too much meat every day of our life, and will welcome, when it comes, a regulation that puts us on lighter diet one day out of the seven.

In the Clubs. The cut from the joint will have to be altered in the clubs on the meatless day. In most clubs there are three joints, the serving of which commences at different hours. These are usually two meat joints and a bird, and the supply of these different joints is kept up until nine o'clock. The bird joint will remain entirely lawful, but the two meat joints will have to be varied so as not to break regulations. A shrimp omelette, a vegetable curry, a dish of

Italian paste, a vol-au-vent, a salmis of game, and dishes of the like kind would meet the difficulty; and pâtés of fish, oysters, and fowl will probably replace the cutlets and the tournedos amongst the entrées. I wonder whether consommés and other meat-soups will be barred; but I should hardly think that the law will concern itself with the stock-pot. If it does, there are many excellent vegetable soups of which we British have little cognisance, and bouillabaisse and other fish-soups will come by their own. Ladies have no need to be horrified at the suggestion of bouillabaisse, for there are varieties of that soup which differ very much from the liquid reeking with garlic that the fishermen sup by the harbour at Marseilles.

The Exceptions. I have no doubt that certain exceptions will be made when the meatless day comes upon us. I doubt whether men who are doing very hard manual labour will be asked to give up their daily meat; and the young soldiers training in England or fighting in France will be given their choice between meat or some substitute.



SAILORS' FLAG DAY IN LONDON: AT THE BERKELEY HOTEL—LADY MEUX (CENTRE), LADY DE TRAFFORD (LEFT), MISS VIOLET DE TRAFFORD (RIGHT).

The Sailors' Flag Day appeal at the Berkeley Hotel, on Oct. 4, was specially made there under the direction of Lady Meux, the wife of Admiral of the Fleet Sir Hedworth Meux, M.P., who during the first two years of the war held the post of Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, with his flag in Nelson's "Victory." Sir Hedworth, as Captain Hedworth Lambton, of the "Powerful," it will be remembered, saved Ladysmith with his ship's heavy guns.—[Photograph by Topical.]



SAILORS' FLAG DAY IN LONDON: AT THE RITZ—LADY BEATTY AT HER STALL; AND THE ENSIGN OF THE "LION."

"Sailors' Flag Day" in London (Wednesday, Oct. 4) proved, it is acknowledged, a complete success. Similar appeals are to be made throughout the Kingdom and Empire. Thirteen thousand lady flag-sellers took part. Lady Beatty, Chairman of the Executive Committee, presided at the Ritz, where the ensign flown by Sir David's flag-ship "Lion" in the Battle of Jutland was displayed.—[Photograph by Topical.]

THE LATEST FROM PARIS : COATS AND COSTUMES.



1. A FUR-TRIMMED COAT ; AND A FEATHER HAT OF ORIGINAL SHAPE. 2. WITH SKIRT EDGED WITH A BROAD BAND OF FUR : A VELVET DRESS. 3. WITH FLOUNCES FORMING A PANEL AT THE SIDE : A FULL TAFFETAS COSTUME. 4. TRIMMED WITH FUR : A NEW VELOURS COAT. 5. WORN WITH A HIGH-WAISTED VELVET COAT : AN ACCORDEON-PLEATED SKIRT.

Here are some of the latest fashions from Paris. In the case of the second photograph, it may be noted that the inevitable pockets are at the top of the wide fur band. No. 3 shows a full taffetas skirt, with flounces forming a panel at the side ; and a full short coat with a large taffetas ruche round the neck, and ruching round the waist-line.

Photographs by Royer.

CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

MANY people must have been thrilled, as I was, to read the other day the dry official account of the action that won a Military Cross for Temp. Sec.-Lieutenant Gerald Caldwell Siordet, of the Rifle Brigade. The thrill consisted in linking-up one's impressions of Siordet before the war with his achievements in battle—rallying his company under shell-fire after his commander had been killed, consolidating the ground gained, and showing throughout a period of terrible fighting the coolness and judgment of an old soldier. I last met him in Westminster Cathedral, studying Eric Gill's new Stations of the Cross, and then his main interest in life was primitive art. Later I recognised his hand in an extraordinarily learned article, written from the trenches and printed in the *Observer*, on religious sculpture—an article which would have taken many experts a month of research in the B.M.

Not Likely! Later came a poem in the *Times*, signed Gerald Caldwell. There can be no doubt who wrote it. There can be no doubt, either, that the man who wrote it is responsible for one of the most beautiful poems of a year rich in poetry. That fact is no less obvious than the facts established in the official account of Siordet's fighting. He supplies another case, akin to Julian Grenfell's, of a soldier granted the power to sing finely—cases in which, as Chesterton puts it, one can hardly tell "whether it is poets fighting or soldiers singing." Does, we may well wonder, does this same glorious confusion of ideas ever find expression in the ranks of the enemy? Does your Iron Cross Prussian ever write as Grenfell wrote, or as Siordet is writing?

That Planet. Last year little groups of Londoners used to gather at the street-corners and discuss the suspect planet.



A NEW PORTRAIT: LADY DOMVILLE.

Lady Domville is the wife of Commander Sir James Henry Domville, R.N., who is in command of a destroyer and recently received an Admiralty letter of approbation, on vellum, for his services in an engagement with German torpedo-boats last year. Lady Domville has two little daughters, the younger born last year.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



TO MARRY MR. ALFRED DUGDALE: MISS EILEEN BROWNING.

Miss Browning is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gonne Browning, of Knightsbridge. Mr. Alfred Dugdale is the son of Captain Dugdale, R.N. The marriage is arranged to take place at the end of this month.

Photograph by Yevonde.



ENGAGED TO LIEUT.-COM. LANCELOT SMYTHIES, R.N.: MISS MARY ANN ANGERSTEIN.

Miss Angerstein is daughter of Mr. John Angerstein, of Holbrook, Wincanton, and granddaughter of the late Mr. William Angerstein, of Westing Hall, Norfolk, who preceded Mr. W. E. Gladstone in the representation of Greenwich. Their ancestor, Mr. John Angerstein, settled here from Russia in 1749, and became a leading underwriter during the French wars, reorganising "Lloyds," of which he was chairman, and practically founder. Lieutenant-Commander Smythies is the elder son of Captain Smythies, R.N., of Colchester.—[Photo, by Lafayette.]

Was it Zepp. or balloon? Its character is not yet cleared, I find, nor its innocence yet established. The other night the retired colonel who lives next door told me it was an anchored balloon. "The foolish women in my house will say it's a Zepp. Can't persuade 'em." "It's a planet," I suggested. "Nonsense, nonsense!" said he; "why it's moved a good couple of yards during the last half-hour. It's swinging about in the wind now; must be over Putney." Only when I saw it again the next night from a Sussex garden did I feel sure of myself, and of it. But the colonel is not likely to be persuaded by any such experience. "Wouldn't spend

a night out of London just now for a fiver," says he; "the sky's too interesting."

Amusing the Host. Lady St. Helier disposes of one Kitchener myth in writing about her friend. For he was her friend, and she his; and the ready-made account of him as a man impatient of all feminine society does not hold good in the light of the more intimate versions of his character that may now be published. Lady St. Helier is a practised writer; she has often, before now, switched her talents as an entertainer, so well known at her own table, on to the magazines and reviews. In the old days, before her husband got the peerage, Lady Jeune's dinners were famous, and even succeeded in amusing Sir Francis, whose appetite for society sometimes grew a trifle jaded after lengthy sittings in the President's chair at the Divorce Court.

Ignorance or Pose? Lady St. Helier's memories of interesting people cover a long period. She has watched the rise and fall of reputations; she has studied the moods and manners of two generations, and avoided the limitations of either. The happy-go-lucky indifference of certain young people to the "old fogies" is one of the characteristics of the new age that may well surprise a woman to whom the great people of the near past are a very actual memory. What, for instance, could Lady St. Helier answer to the smart young woman who asked her, in the course of a comparatively recent conversation, "Who was Mr. Gladstone?" Will it ever be "Who was Lord Kitchener?"

Noyesier. Mr. Alfred Noyes' return to England will be marked by a reading at the Savoy, and the bookings are, I

hear, already putting a strain upon that theatre's power of accommodation. Noyes, as one knew him before he took up his professorship of English literature in the States, was a youth of quiet speech and manners; but I believe that the need of establishing

England's case with certain sections of the American public has considerably developed his powers as a public speaker. He is to read passages from the "Tales of the Mermaid Tavern." Why can't he be persuaded, also, to relate some of his recent experiences with the Fleet? Not only would they have the peculiar interest of personal impressions, but the charm of personal expression.



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT MAXWELL N. WILLIAMSON-NAPIER, R.N.: MISS ANNE WOODALL.

Miss Anne Woodall is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Corbet W. Woodall, Upper Cheyne Row, Chelsea, and grand-daughter of Sir Corbet Woodall, of Wolden, Chislehurst. Lieutenant Williamson-Napier is in H.M. Navy.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

LOOK OUT FOR HER: A FAVOURITE.

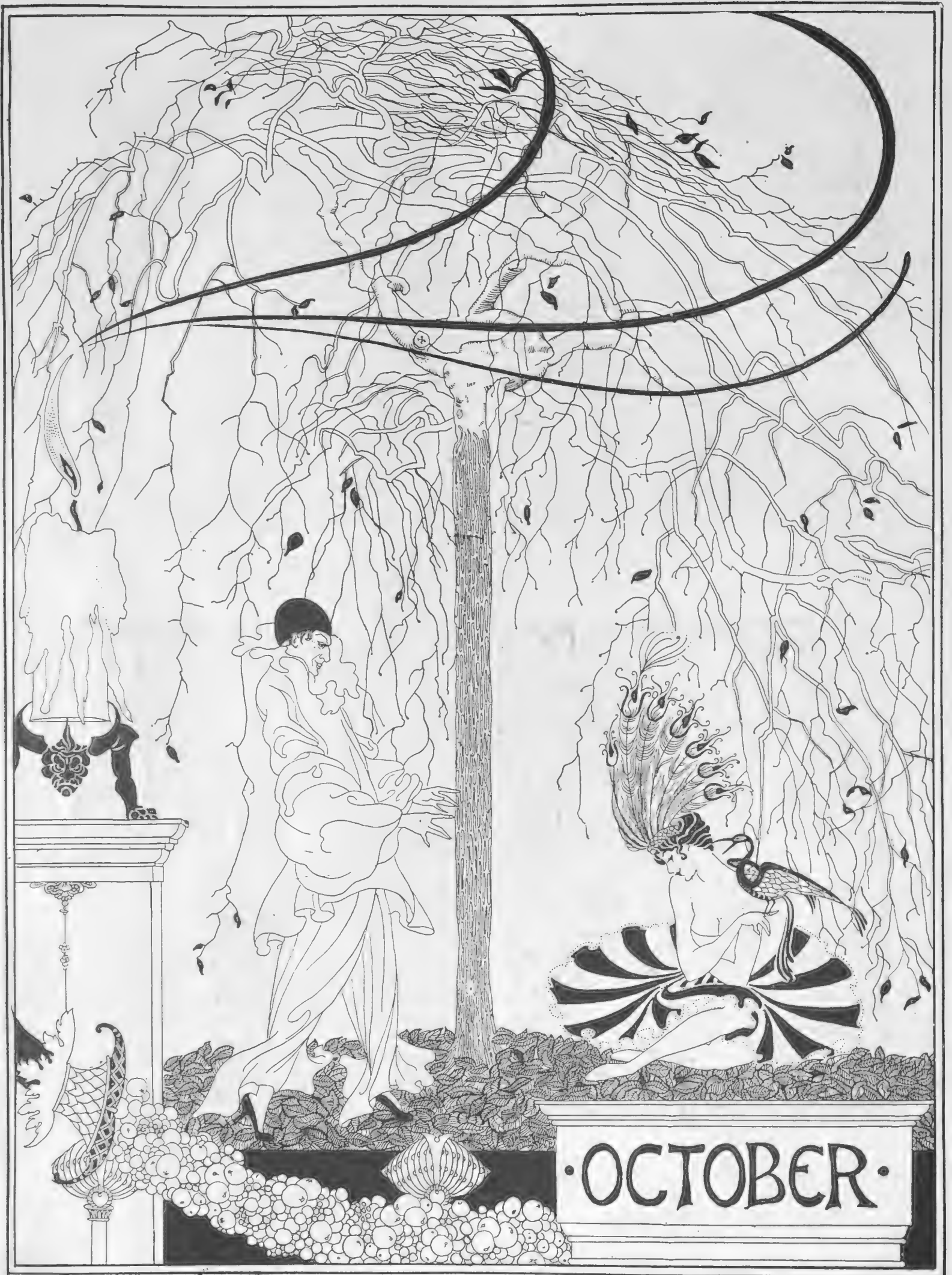


TO BE SEEN IN A NEW AMERICAN PIECE: MISS ENID LESLIE.

Miss Enid Leslie, who is to appear in a new American piece, made her first appearance on the stage, at the Lyric, in January 1905, when she was in the chorus of "The Talk of the Town." She has since been seen in various pieces, under various managers—at the Aldwych, the Gaiety, the Prince of Wales's, and the Globe. She

went to New York with Mr. Charles Hawtrey, to play Agnes in "Dear Old Charlie." Her favourite part is Senta in "The Great Name." Her hobby she gives as antiques; her recreations as tennis, golf, swimming, and dancing—obviously a lady of catholic tastes and talents.—[*Photograph by Rita Martin.*]

"THE MONTHS WILL ADD THEMSELVES."



OCTOBER: THE CANDLE BEGINS TO GUTTER.

DRAWN BY MACKENZIE.

WORKERS FOR THE WAR: A TRIO OF LADIES — AND G. G.



COMMANDER OF A HOSPITAL SECTION IN RUSSIA :
THE HON. EVELINA HAVERFIELD.



WORKING FOR THE WOUNDED AT ROEHAMPTON :
MISS V. SMIRKE.



WORKING FOR PRISONERS OF WAR :
MISS BEATRICE HOWARTH.

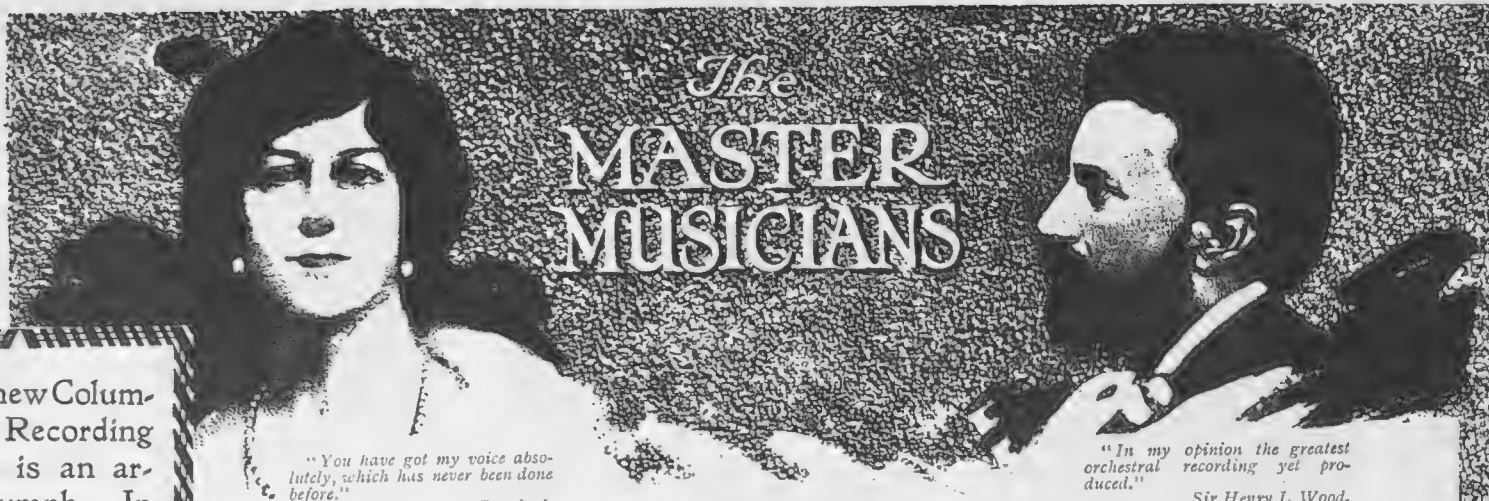


A POPULAR ACTOR WHO HAS JOINED THE FORCES :
LIEUTENANT GEORGE GROSSMITH, R.N.V.R.

The Hon. Evelina Haverfield, who is Commander of the Transport Section of the Scottish Women's Hospital in Russia, is seen in uniform in our photograph, talking to Lady Ashmore (on the left). The Hon. Evelina Haverfield is a daughter of the third Baron Abinger.—Miss V. Smirke, who has been working at Queen Mary's Hospital, Dover House, Roehampton, for the past twelve months, is a granddaughter

of Sydney Smirke, R.A., and a great-niece of Sir Robert Smirke, the designer of the British Museum.—Miss Beatrice Howarth is helping to pack and despatch parcels for Prisoners of War in Germany.—Mr. George Grossmith, the popular Gaiety comedian, dramatic author, and manager, has been gazetted to the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, and is seen in our photograph leaving his house to join his depot.

Photograph No. 1, by Topical; No. 2, by Bassano; No. 4, by Sport and General.



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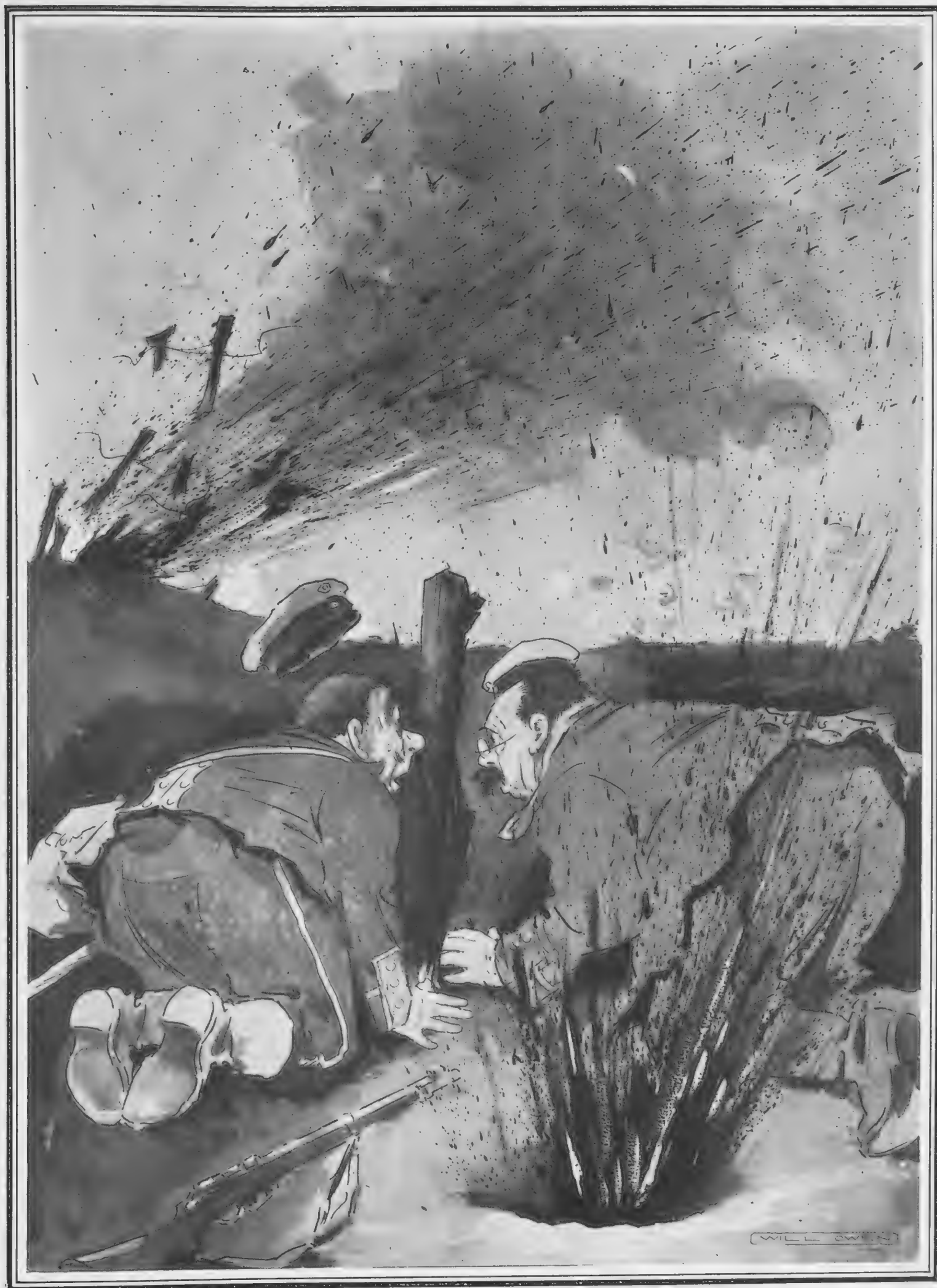
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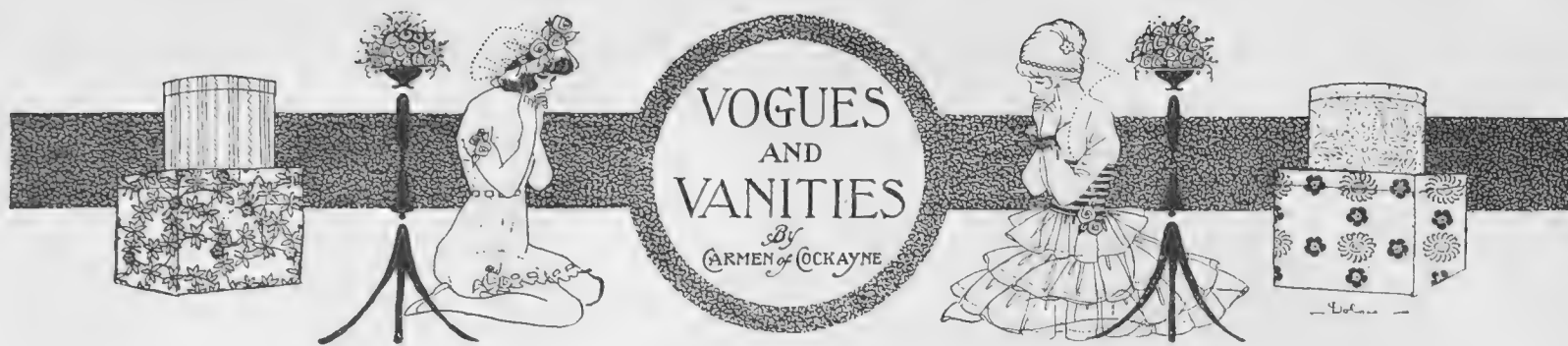
A "TENSE" SITUATION.



FRITZ: Vos ve vinning, Heinrich?

HEINRICH: Ya! I tink ve vos!

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.



Fashion Favours the Brave.

Fashion seems to follow the evening paper. An expert might quite easily trace the history of the war in the alternations of style that have taken place in dress since August 1914. First, there was the Battle of the Marne, and we revelled in an outburst of military "suits," Hussar boots, Joffre caps, and such-like absurdities. Russia's preliminary successes were immediately reflected in the frocks we wore. There were droshky-driver collars, Nicholas coats, Cossack hats, and Russian peasant head-dresses for evening wear. Through the medium of braid and boot and astrachan we showed the admiration we felt for the Grand Duke Nicholas, General Russky, and all the gallant soldiers of our Ally. Later came the Bersaglieri hat—from the modish point of view quite the most conspicuous form of recognition accorded to our Italian friends. Just now things Roumanian are having it all their own way. "Roumanian" embroidery decorates the smartest blouses, "Roumanian" sashes decorate the most *chic* frocks.

Look Before You Leap.

For the moment the Grecian knot which threatened our heads is not quite so prominent as before. The tortuous twistings of Tino have made Fashion pause before giving a definite lead in what may prove, after all, to be the wrong direction. But there is little doubt that the far-seeing dame has plenty of things Grecian up her sleeve ready for immediate use the moment she knows the way the cat is going to jump. If by the time these words reach print Greece has

favour. Carried to its logical conclusion, this means the almost total extinction of the blouse—a state of things that it's perfectly impossible to contemplate. In any case, women are not going to allow the blouse they love to be snatched from them. To begin with, it's too convenient a garment altogether. There is no other item in the whole of the feminine wardrobe which, worn in conjunction with an uncompromisingly plain skirt, will serve to make the whole turn-out *chic* and quite sufficiently elaborate for wear at the functions that serve as amusements in these rather barren days. Then there is another argument against discarding what we have come to look upon as an indispensable garment. It's rather a dangerous proceeding to adopt new fashions too suddenly. There are so many ultra-conscientious ones ready to point the finger of scorn at the woman too easily led astray by the latest of fashion's fads that discretion is quite often a better if less exciting part than indulgence. Where the blouse is concerned, however, discretion for once in a way jumps with inclination, so that one may "acquire merit" by refraining from immediate purchase of the new garment and satisfy oneself at one and the same time—a happy state of things that doesn't often occur in this topsyturvy world.



An attractive autumn blouse of the jumper persuasion. It is made of petrol-blue crepe-de-Chine, trimmed with oxydised silver embroidery.

Up-to-Date Types.

But to return to the mutton—or rather, the blouse. Prophecies notwithstanding, there is plenty of life and variety left in it yet, as I couldn't help thinking when, with Dolores, I visited the salons of Marshall and Snelgrove in Oxford Street last week. The two main features of the modern blouse are its collar and its cut. In the first place, the collar must be either exceedingly high or turned down and extended to the waist. Of the two, the latter is infinitely preferable, for it is not only comfortable, but allows considerable scope for originality of design. As to style, the garment can be of the jumper type or adhere to the ordinary shirt-waist model. Dolores has sketched three of the first-named and newer types on this page. The one with the deep collar is carried out in drop-stitch Ninon, and the hem is bound with blue taffeta to secure the "stick-out" effect. The flat belt and collar are both embroidered with oxydised silver thread with the Roumanian colours—blue, yellow, and red—introduced into the design in the form of silk flowers or berries. The ceinture passes through slits at the side, giving a panel effect back and front. An attractive finishing touch is provided in the form of a bar of braid decorated with pendent silk tassels repeating the colours already mentioned. This is slung round the neck by a dark-blue cord. A high tulle collar which has a becomingly soft effect is the principal feature of the second model; while the third, fashioned from petrol-blue crêpe-de-Chine trimmed with skunk opossum, is further embellished with dull silver embroidery. It is worth while noting that "Marshall's" have some delightful blouses in net with chiffon lining, and decorated with ribbon flowers, from 29s. 6d. upwards; and that 18s. 9d. is the starting price of a series of useful as well as pretty models in a serviceable quality crêpe-de-Chine.



There's no reason why your collar should not rise as high as you will let it. On the other hand, there is nothing to prevent it reaching almost to the waist, for both kinds are fashionable.

definitely decided to join the Allies—why, then we shall be buying robes and other things *a la Grec*, or something like them, in a very few hours.

Blouses Must Stay. Meantime, one hears a good deal about the one-piece dress with its attendant coat that some people say is going to oust the coat and skirt proper from

THREE OF THEM.



THE OFFICE GIRL: Could I have next Monday, Sir, for my sister's wedding?
HER EMPLOYER: Why, you had a holiday for a sister's wedding last month!
THE OFFICE GIRL: Yes, Sir; we do get off quickly in our family.

DRAWN BY C. HARRISON.



THE DAUGHTER OF THE HOUSE (interviewing the "man for the rent," to parent within): Muvver! Wot was it I was to tell the gentleman—you'd gone out, or you wos very ill in bed?

DRAWN BY C. HARRISON.



THE BOATMAN (telling the tale): Yes, Sir, I never saw a bigger fish—never in all 'me life; an' just as I was goin' to swing 'im in, blowed if the rod didn't go smack in three 'alves.

DRAWN BY BERTRAM PRANCE.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

FACE-JOY'S A COSTLY MASK.

By CATHERINE MAIS.

"MIRANDA."

Miranda was gardening; a miscellaneous collection of implements lay in an untidy heap on the path, several well-known and evidently unused books bearing on horticulture were piled on a camp chair, and, as if to prove her sex beyond all doubt, Miranda was digging with her hands and taking no advice.

Dame Nature had been in a coquettish mood all day; she would and she wouldn't, she would and she wouldn't; sunshine succeeded shower as shower succeeded sunshine. The clouds shifted ominously from blue to grey, and from grey to blue, and the wind was a wild north-easter and a summer zephyr in one.

Such a typical April English day—and such a typical English garden: herbaceous borders, smooth lawns, sedate box-hedges, and, beyond, a small orchard in full bloom. Such a sense of peaceful serenity brooding over it all.

"Miranda."

Miranda made a wry face, dug a larger hole than usual, pushed three unoffending seedlings resentfully in, and stood up.

Oh, Miranda! If ever a woman was made to be loved you were, with your blue-grey eyes, your full red lips, and the colour that came and went in your cheeks, no one knew why or wherefore—perhaps in that riddle lay part of your attraction.

"I'm gardening," said Miranda, with dignity.

A man was looking over the clipped yew hedge.

"So it appears," he said.

Miranda frowned deeply, and turned to her work again.

"Doesn't it also appear that I am too busy to talk?" she said, digging with renewed vigour.

"I've not come to talk," answered the man imperturbably; "I've come to have tea."

"I'm too busy to have tea," she answered.

"Hospitable creature!" murmured the man.

Miranda looked up as if exasperated into speech.

"Ever since you've come to live next door, Heddon James," she began, with some asperity.

"I've tried to live next door for four years, and I find I can't," he continued, as he made his way through the hedge by a gap evidently intended for the purpose.

"I was going to say," began Miranda again, "that ever since you've been living next door you've wasted my time and—"

"And you've wasted mine," finished Heddon James, and then broke into song—

Go, lovely rose, go to my dear,
Tell her that wastes her time and mine.

"And what are those tired-looking things over there?" he inquired abruptly, pointing to the newly planted seedlings.

"Cabbages," said Miranda; and then added humbly, "at least, I think they are."

"They look as though they want some sort of stimulant."

Miranda by a movement of her eyebrows conveyed to him the scorn she felt, and then, having tidied up the bed with one foot while she balanced herself with considerable difficulty on the other, she led the way along a stone-flagged path to the little house.

"The little house," as Miranda always called it (a cottage which she had bought when she was left an orphan, and which she had skilfully adapted and converted to her own requirements), was bathed in a fitful gleam of sunshine when they came up to it, and Miranda was seized with a sudden love for it and all it meant to her. Here she had spent four happy years with her greatest friend,

Ethel Wynans, who, with Heddon James's help, had watched over her tenderly, fostering her plans and indulging her whims.

"Oh, the beauty of it!" said Miranda, gazing at the orchard beyond the garden. "How I love it all! The promise of spring—and yet," she added sadly, "how little promise of happiness there is for anyone!"

Heddon James looked at her, surprised at the unusual warmth in her tone.

"Do you really feel all that?" he murmured. "Do you really care so much?"

"Feel!" echoed Miranda. "Care! Why shouldn't I?"

They had walked straight into the drawing-room through the open French-window.

It was a warm day, but a fire burned cheerfully in the old-fashioned grate, and Heddon James walked across the room to the big oak settle which stood invitingly by an already prepared tea-table. A pile of music lay upon the piano, and the tables were littered with books, yellow-backed and "quite impudently French,"

untidy but Miranda-ish, thought Heddon James, and therefore acceptable in his sight.

"I'm all alone—" began Miranda.

Her guest looked round anxiously.

"If you don't count me," he said.

"Well, I don't count you," said Miranda. "If I did, it wouldn't be proper—at least, I mean, it wouldn't be proper for you to be here and Ethel to be out. And now for tea," she added irrelevantly.

"Ethel's always out—that's part of her charm," said Heddon James.

"What shall we talk about?" inquired Miranda. "The war?"

"No," said Heddon James firmly. "I am going to talk about you."

Miranda arranged some cushions at her back and prepared to make tea.

"There's no subject—" she began.

"Oh, you're a shocking egoist," said Heddon James, as he stirred his tea reflectively.

"Well, go on. What else am I?"

"It's easier to think of the things you are not—you are never the same two minutes together. More stability is what I should like to see."

Miranda laughed.

"Sometimes you are really priceless, Heddon," she said. "Go on. If only you had a little more understanding, you'd see that I am merely trying to find out what sort of career would suit me best! I don't

intend to be a butterfly pinned to a cork—why should I?"

"Why indeed?" murmured Heddon James soothingly. "There's not much chance of that. But you seem to have tried most things. You took up music last summer, and then journalism, and then—I think the chicken craze began. After that, I seem to remember you turned your attention to painting, and red and yellow sunsets hung everywhere; and the poetry turn had some strange results—there were several sonnets mostly about sunsets too, and you seemed to be anxious about your soul in those days—"

"I'm more anxious about my complexion now," said Miranda bitterly. "Will it stand the gardening?"

"Yes," went on Heddon James; "and to-day you're the gardener—to-morrow what will you be?"

"Wouldn't you like to know?" said Miranda, with a smile. "At least you'll admit I'm consistent in my inconsistencies—that in itself is something—and as a matter of fact, I am taking up gardening seriously; that is a thing I can do. I can't nurse—at least, the wounded wouldn't like it if I did—but I can dig."

"Seriously?" asked Heddon James.

"Seriously," answered Miranda. "In proof of which"—she

[Continued overleaf.]



AS HE IS IN ORDINARY LIFE: MR. LESLIE HENSON, CHIEF MIRTH-PROVOKER AT THE GAIETY.

Mr. Leslie Henson is just as successful in the new Gaiety piece, "Theodore and Co.," as he was in its predecessor, "To-night's the Night." That is saying a great deal. Stage portraits of Mr. Henson will be found in our Photogravure Supplement.—[Photograph by Arbuthnot.]

FIRST WE GO UP-UP-UP: THEN WE GO DOWN-DOWN-DOWN.



"Passing . . . in the north, we came on unmistakable signs of submarines, followed soon afterwards by proof of the approach of aircraft."—EXTRACT FROM NAVAL INTELLIGENCE SUPPLIED BY OUR ARTIST.

DRAWN BY HARRY ROUNTREE.

leant back among the cushions and closed her eyes—"I've this day ordered a perfect dream of a new gardening-dress. It's to be of earth-coloured linen, with two deep pockets in front for tools—"

"Rakes?" asked Heddon James. Miranda looked scornful.

"No; screw-drivers and trowels," she said.

"Wonderful!" murmured Heddon James. "And how long will it last—not the dress, but the craze? If only you'd settle down and take life's responsibilities more seriously!"

"A woman without husband or child has no responsibilities."

Heddon James got up and strolled to the window and back.

There was much he wanted to say—had wanted to say for nearly four years, but nothing his principles permitted. If procrastination is the thief of Time, such principles may often be held responsible for the procrastination.

There are moments when silence is real pain. Miranda broke the silence.

"You were a great responsibility," she said; "but you know the vulgar tongue, now, and can walk alone, and so," she added, "I must find something else to bring up, I suppose—a snake, or a cat, or something."

"I hope you feel satisfied with the results here?"

"Quite," answered Miranda. "You were a simple, guileless youth when I first knew you; and now—"

She paused; she had meant to be flippant, but the words refused to come.

"Well?" asked Heddon James. "And now . . . ?"

"You're my friend, my best friend, and I hope you always will be."

She had dropped the teasing tone.

"Miranda—you know . . ." Heddon James began eagerly, and then stopped.

"Go on!" said Miranda. "I'm in a beautifully chastened frame of mind now, so you may say anything you like. I've not got the spirit of a worm, so I can't contradict you."

She arranged herself on a footstool near the fire.

"Do I look properly repentant?" she asked.

"You look—" said Heddon James slowly, and then added hastily, "as you always do look."

Miranda laughed, and her colour came and went in her cheeks.

"You are too beautifully austere," she said. "Any other man would have made that an occasion for an elaborate compliment."

"Any other man!" said Heddon James bitterly, and there was deep silence for a few minutes. Then Miranda began—

"Sometimes I long to tear off that iron mask of yours," she said petulantly.

"For any reason?" asked Heddon James, without any apparent show of interest, "or just because it would amuse you?"

"For the only reasonable reason—because I want to see your face. I can't remember what you are like. Have I ever seen you? I can't be sure."

"I sometimes think you may have seen too much of me," said the man.

Miranda made no answer.

"I suppose people do get tired of one another," he began again.

The conversation had taken a more serious turn, and for once Miranda was embarrassed. "I suppose they do," she said, and then went on with a flippant laugh; "I wear a mask, too—a flesh-coloured mask."

"It's a wonderful imitation of a face," remarked Heddon James, not to be outdone.—"I never take it off, night or day," went on Miranda, gazing into the fire. "It would be considered unwomanly were I to take it off for one moment—"

Face-joy's a costly mask to wear [she quoted]
And bought with pangs long nourished,
And rounded to despair.
Grief's earnest makes life's play.

She rose and went to the piano, threw the music carelessly on the floor, and struck the first chords of Tosti's "Good-bye." Heddon James came over and stood by the side of her chair.

"Do sing it!" he said, and when she had finished, he moved restlessly towards the door.

"That reminds me," he said awkwardly. "I had come to say good-bye, and have been all this time trying to say it."

"Good-bye!" echoed Miranda, surprised almost into a confession of feeling, and abruptly shutting down the piano.

"You remember I told you I'd applied for a commission? They've given it to me, and I must go up to town to-morrow to get my kit and settle up my affairs."

Miranda laughed nervously.

"Oh!" she said, "I'm glad for you—it's what you wanted. You'll be so much happier doing your bit."

"And you?" asked Heddon James.

"I shall be working on the land," said Miranda, recovering her flippant tone, "and incidentally, I shall improve my mind, no doubt."

There was a pause while Heddon James opened the door.

"Don't alter yourself, Miranda!" he urged. "Don't be logical or comprehensible. Always be just as you are!"

And he was gone. But long afterwards Miranda sat by the fire, thinking deeply. Ethel Wynans found her still there when the light had almost faded away.

"You must be cold," she said in her energetic way, as she shut the windows and poked up the fire.

"I suppose I must," Miranda answered absently. "Ethel, do you like unwomanly women?"

"Like them?" came the decided reply.

"Of course not, my dear!"

"That's a pity," said Miranda, "because I'm one!" She went to a writing-bureau and hurriedly wrote a note, tore it up, and wrote another.

"DEAR HEDDON [she wrote],

"I can't wear my mask any longer. I love you, and I wish I knew for certain what you feel about me."
"MIRANDA."

"Ethel dear," she said, "be an angel and take this to Heddon's house for me. I'm too tired."

Ethel Wynans raised her eyebrows.

"Why, I thought he was here this afternoon!"

"I believe he was," said Ethel with a yawn.

"Any answer?" asked Ethel, who was accustomed to doing her erratic friend's bidding on all occasions.

"Possibly," was the enigmatic reply, nor was Ethel's curiosity in the least satisfied when she returned with the answer—

"I've been wondering for four years what you really felt. Of course, I love you! I am coming in this evening."
"HEDDON."

Miranda merely folded up the note, and put it in her pocket.

"It seems a strange thing," reflected Ethel aloud, as she sank into a chair, "that it should be necessary to send each other letters after spending an afternoon together. I should have thought that everything that had to be said could be said then."

Miranda was gazing out of the window, with a dreamy expression on her face.

"There are some things that one doesn't think of saying until it's too late," she said.

"Well, in this case, I suppose, it's just as well you didn't wait until it was too late, for I never saw Heddon so excited, so strangely unlike himself. He looked somehow quite different."

Miranda threw herself down on the floor by her friend's knees, and turned a smiling face up to her.

"Do I look different?" she said.

THE END.



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Miss Muriel Murray is a newcomer at Daly's, and it would seem more than likely that she has a considerable future before her; for she has not only a strong personality, but musical attainments of distinct moment. But a short while ago she was at school in Paris.—[Photograph by Vandyk.]



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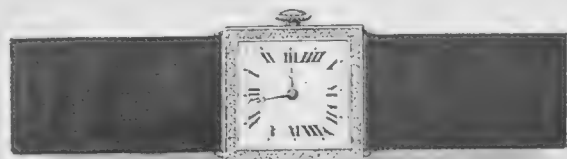
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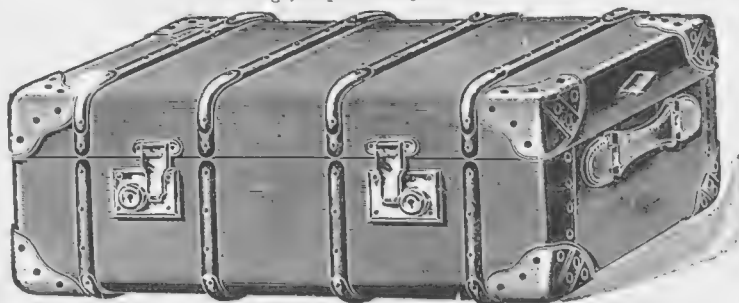
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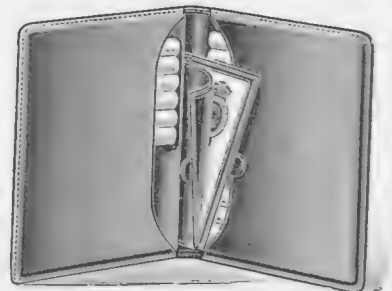
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WOMAN'S WAYS

**Eighteen-Fifteen
and
Nineteen-Sixteen.**

Though the young English officer who fought at Waterloo did not write poetry, like those who are fighting on the Somme, there is not an abysmal difference between them. They swore harder and drank deeper in those days, but essentially these plucky boys are of the same stuff as their ancestors. The real evolution is among the women. There was little thought of service to the State among the feminine middle classes during the Napoleonic wars. In the novels of Jane Austen the war is hardly mentioned, except when naval "prize money" arrives to assist certain prudent matrimonial plans. Thackeray studied the whole period exhaustively before he wrote "Vanity Fair," and the result, from the feminine standpoint, is the predatory minx Becky Sharp and the incredibly silly Amelia Osborne. It is certain that Thackeray admired Amelia prodigiously; she was everything that the early-Victorian woman should be, for he drew from his contemporaries, and even clothed them, in his illustrations, in the ugly hoops and shawls of 1850 instead of the neo-classic dress of 1815. After George's death on the field of Waterloo, Amelia subsided on to a sofa, in black bombazine flounces, and there remained till she was forcibly removed, long years after, by the adoring Dobbin.

Amelia and Cecilia. I would like to see the face of Thackeray if he were now confronted with my young friend Cecilia, who drives a motor-car for the wounded night and day, and during her holiday works on the land. Though she smokes cigarettes and wears a khaki uniform, and has even cut off her lovely hair to save the time it takes to dress it, she is not one whit less adorably feminine than Amelia and all her tribe. At dinner-time, Cecilia, in evening dress, can give points to Amelia, and even to the serene

Rebecca herself. I have seen her toiling long hours in a hay-field in a floppy hat which was a triumph of artful simplicity. In short, she has the modern woman's sense of the importance of dress, but has acquired the sensible masculine habit of never discussing it. If Thackeray could meet this Young Person in the flesh, he would have to reconsider his whole view of society and civilisation. Cecilia is the outcome of the revolt of the feminine "Intelligentsia" some thirty years ago, and some of these great women are happily alive to see the result of their pioneer work.

Poetry at the Front. When you look at the films of the

Somme, it is patent that no more singular plot could be found in which to cultivate the seed of poesy. Perhaps it is because the modern battlefield is so dire and dingy that our soldiers turn to verse making for relief. It is as modish for a modern young officer to write sonnets as it was for the aristocrats of Elizabeth's Court. Some of these—published after the death of the authors—make a poignant appeal to our imagination. There are fine critics who declare that Captain Julian Grenfell's poem, written on the eve of battle, will become part of English literature. Mr. Wyndham Tennant's verses, again, are beautifully felt and beautifully expressed.

ELLA HEPPWORTH DIXON.

THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES

THE new play by Mr. Walter Hackett and Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell, "Mr. Jubilee Drax," at the Haymarket, aims at complicating a plain story by telling it backwards, which has the merit of causing some mystification and giving an impression of ingenuity. The story so told is very highly coloured, and has some effectively exciting scenes. Various people are in pursuit of a great diamond, and also of one another; and, as the parts are all delightfully acted, much is done to cover up any deficiencies in the play. Mr. Paul Arthur, always an engaging American, wants the stone for his wife; Mr. H. V. Esmond, competent, swift in action, and full of high spirits, pursues it, on commission; Miss Ellis Jeffreys, suave and humorous and beautifully unscrupulous, pursues it and Mr. Esmond, accompanied by Mr. Dawson Milward, who creates a new type of criminal in the guise of a stupid country gentleman; and they are all pursued by Miss Doris Lytton, who is apparently, though most unlike, a police detective; Mr. Lyall Swete is a fascinating ruffian as a very modern Turk, and Mr. Randle Ayrton contributes two very clever sketches of a Dutch diamond merchant and a bloodthirsty Chinaman.

The critics differ in opinion about Mr. Brighouse's new comedy, "The Clock Goes Round," but the audience at the Globe certainly liked it, and so did I. For at the Globe we had a fantastic comedy with no local humours: it shows the collision between

Bohemia and Surbitonia—Bohemia, I am glad to say, this time without "booze." The author has ventured to present to us a Pierrot of the twentieth century, and give him a heart which brings him into a perilous adventure among the Philistines, in which he was nearly caught by a pretty daughter of Gath. There is very fine skill in the way in which Mr. Brighouse combines an almost

Puck-like impudence with a delicate strain of sentiment in his Pierrot. It may be that the machinery of the drama creaks a good deal towards its close, and that the happy ending is brought about violently, and also pushed somewhat too far. This, however, causes little injury to a work remarkable for the ingenious, fantastic exhibition of character, for witty dialogue, humorous episodes, and a pretty strain of sentiment. Mr. Brighouse is not only successful in drawing his Pierrot, but his principal Philistine is good; for the Surbiton girl who nearly falls a victim to a craving for something fanciful, unusual, is almost carried away by passion, yet has a sufficiently firm grasp on what she regards as the matters that count to escape, is excellently delineated. Miss Iris Hoey at no moment suggests the Surbiton girl: all her charm and cleverness do not enable her to get rid of a Bohemian air quite foreign to the part. Mr. Joseph Coyne is a very popular person, whose name will draw many to the theatre, but he is not a bit like Pierrot. There is nothing fantastic about him, nothing subtle, no trace of the quaint charm which in a real Pierrot would carry off his impudence. He is a Pierrot of revue, not of fantastic comedy. Miss Mary Glynnne was pleasing as Pierrette, but somewhat colourless. There is quite sound work by Mr. Lennox Pawle, Mr. Hubert Harben, and Mr. George Elton.



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THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN



A Very Smart Duchess.

Fashion these days is very much collar work. The hall-mark of up-to-dateness is round the neck. I saw the Duchess of Marlborough the other day, wearing a long grey cloth coat cut—well, as the Duchess of Marlborough does have her clothes cut. The collar was a lovely soft shade of tawny-coloured fox—might have been an English vixen—perfectly treated and dressed. It fell low at the back and not deeply on the shoulders, which were left clearly defined in their well-known graceful slope. It was raised at the sides, and the particular tawnyness suited the clear complexion, dark eyes and hair of the wearer. There were also fur cuffs. The neatest of grey fur, or feather, Cossack caps was worn, pulled well down. It was a costume of the last murmur of La Mode, such as befitted not only a Duchess, but a very smart Duchess.

A Touch of the Cossack and the Indian.

There is a go-as-you-please about hats just now, yet there is always—whatever their size, shape, or character—the mark of the present season. It is not explicable in words, but anyone who wants to see it can do so at Marshall and Snelgrove's, where there are scores of lovely autumn hats. Some of them are describable broadly as sailor, but are as little like the original sailor shape as our handy-men's caps are like German flapjacks. I was delighted with a hat made of moleskin, and trimmed with Indian-shawl fabric in Paisley pattern edged with moleskin. There was a scarf to match lined with mole-coloured georgette. Owners of Queen Victoria presentation shawls please note this way of using them. It is smart, and has a touch of the Cossack and the Indian that brings it quite up to date. I found in the M. and S. ateliers that the attractions of women who have lost those of youth are recognised, and aided

and abetted by millinery which strikes a note between dignity and smart jauntiness that seemed to me particularly clever and the right thing. Attractive women who graduate their clothes with their years, strictly in accordance with the mode, will be grateful. They have looked askance at some of the new models, and have even despaired of smart novelties to suit them. Now despair must give place to assurance.

Zepp. Suppers.

I wonder what the Boches—or is it Botches?—would think of us poor panic-stricken Londoners if they knew that some of us were having supper-parties in order to be awake and in readiness to witness the very latest thrilling spectacle—the descent of Zeppelins in flames. Some of these parties are in houses where the roof is getatable; in such cases it is in readiness—seats, glasses, etc., all provided. Others have

crews in a way so ghastly; we do not—it is probable that there is more shuddering sorrow for them here than in the country which sends them so bombastically and vaingloriously on such super-perilous voyages—but we do exult in the destruction of the civilian-murdering air-ships, and the spectacle of their fall is the greatest domestic thrill of the war. All who have seen it are delighted; all who have not are envious.

So Much of Luxurious Ease.

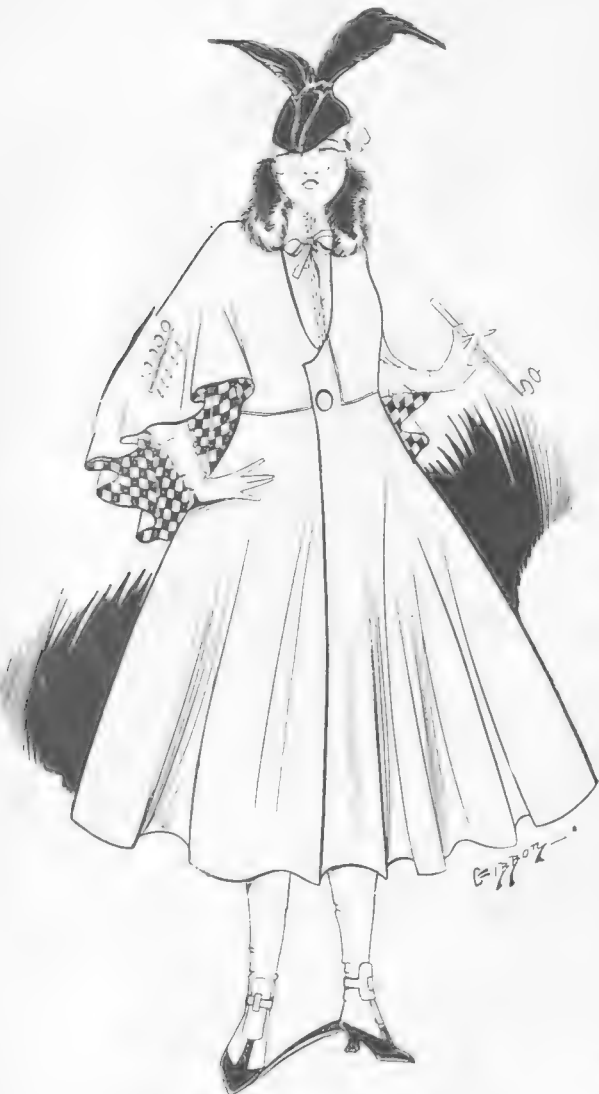
The old things are passing; in a few years there will be no one left who can weave the lovely hand-loom damask for which Belfast is famous. A man can, perhaps, weave half-a-yard a day; when he has a living wage, and the work is bleached, dressed, and finished, the price is more than modern housewives are always prepared to pay. There are those who know what value there is in this perfect table-linen, and who recognise its remarkable beauty. To all such Robinson and Cleaver offer a wonderful show, for they hold a splendid stock at their fine Linen Hall in Regent Street, and also in their Belfast house. As the old hand-loom weavers die out, no one replaces them. The work is too slow and too solitary for modern taste. Americans are always eager to possess this linen. It is not only hand-woven linen that is shown at the Linen Hall, but all the finest linens that there are, and a wide choice of sheets at very special value. As to handkerchiefs—well, this house may be described as the home of the handkerchief: they are there in thousands, at all prices and of all kinds, and all excellent.

A Hint for the Front.

The men at the front want little, but they want that little good—like themselves, bless them! Three times in one week has a friend of mine had to go to Mark Cross, at 89, Regent Street, because relatives and friends wanted cigarette-cases to hold thirty, and nothing but the "Cross" Service case would do. It carried a good supply—and when they leave their temporary homes they don't know when they will be back—it was flat, it was real pigskin, and was so constructed that it kept the smokes in perfect condition whatever the weather might be.

Above All Things, Lovable!

The Queen is wearing her hair very slightly more loose and fluffy, and it suits her splendidly; she looks very handsome these days. Also—I would like to write it in a whisper, but Waterman pens are straightforward, outspoken implements—there are silver threads among the gold. Since the war began these silver threads have increased greatly. Her Majesty is not only anxious, but deeply sympathetic: many of her friends have suffered, and many sad sights she has seen, bravely and brightly to all outward seeming, but with pangs at heart that silvered some golden hairs. Well, grey hairs are becoming as well as honourable—and, in the Queen's case, above all things lovable.



THE LONG COAT IN A NEW FORM.

The material is grey velours; but whether for warmth, or whether to make it look like a highwayman's coat, its novel feature is the long cape lined with black-and-white check silk. The collar is skunk.

motor-cars or taxis in waiting to whirl guests as near to the scene of disaster as may be. The viands are simple in most cases, but plentiful; and warm wraps are a feature of the occasion. The Boches need not think that we exult in the destruction of the



A FASHION THAT RECALLS THE EARLY VICTORIAN PERIOD.

This little coat of tail-less ermine, with ostrich-feather trimming, has a quaint touch of the early Victorian about it.

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strength and efficiency of the worker

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Lce/Cpl. W. O'CONNOR,
Royal Dublin Fusiliers,
British Expeditionary Force.

*A Motor-Launch in
Turkish waters conveying
Lance-Corporal O'Connor
with Turkish prisoners
taken in Gallipoli.*

"When we were in the big fight which followed the Big Push, July 24th was the date, a portion of the trench which sheltered my company was blown in, and I and two comrades were buried. I was entombed for an hour and a half, and was dragged out speechless. The shock had taken away the power to utter a word. It was in a London Hospital, a month later, that I recovered my speech through seeing in the 'Daily Sketch' a photograph of myself with some Turkish prisoners we took in Gallipoli. The shock had left me nervous and sleepless, so the recovery of my speech was only a partial cure. Somebody advised Phosferine, and I have been taking it ever since. The lassitude and debility which were worrying me have both gone, and I am back at the depot again, rapidly getting fit and well. If Phosferine can do this for nerves that were as racked as mine, I think it should be a God-send to anybody who suffers, however slightly, in a similar way."

This great-spirited soldier declares that, having passed through the most grim and distressing effects of shell shock, he *knows* Phosferine restores his stunned nerve functions—he knows, and he feels, Phosferine has roused every nerve centre so that his complete and lasting recovery is being made sure by the extra nerve energy and vitality, which alone guarantees him against the nerve collapse Phosferine helped to overcome.

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A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

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Influenza	Maternity Weakness	Neuritis	Rheumatism
Indigestion	Premature Decay	Faintness	Headache
Sleeplessness	Mental Exhaustion	Brain-Fag	Hysteria
Exhaustion	Loss of Appetite	Anæmia	Sciatica

Phosferine has a world-wide repute for curing disorders of the nervous system more completely and speedily, and at less cost, than any other preparation.

SPECIAL SERVICE NOTE Phosferine is made in Liquid and Tablets, the Tablet form being particularly convenient for men on **ACTIVE SERVICE**, travellers, etc. It can be used any time, anywhere, in accurate doses, as no water is needed. The 2/9 tube is small enough to carry in the pocket, and contains 90 doses. Your sailor or soldier will be the better for Phosferine—send him a tube of tablets. Sold by all Chemists, Stores, etc. The 2/9 size contains nearly four times the 1/1½ size.

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&c., or from G. E.
Fulford, Ltd., Leeds.

THE WHEEL AND THE WING

GOOD PETROL NEWS: POLICE TRAPS AND PENALTIES: CAR-LIGHTING.

More Petrol.

The hopeful outlook of which I wrote last week has now been confirmed. In other words, the Petrol Control Committee has officially acknowledged the fact that the position of the stocks and available supplies is "improved," and hopes that an increased quantity of petrol may be allocated to the civil population on the renewal of licenses at the end of the present month. The stocks, as a matter of fact, had become so colossal that a request was even proffered from the motoring organisations that the holders of existing cards should be allowed to increase their purchases by fifty per cent. from Oct. 1, but to this the Committee refused its sanction. An increase next month, however, is assured, and the only question yet to be determined is "How much?"



AWARDED THE D.S.O. FOR ATTACKING A ZEPPELIN: LIEUTENANT F. SOWREY D.S.O.—ROYAL FUSILIERS, ATTACHED ROYAL FLYING CORPS.

Lieutenant Frederick Sowrey was born in Gloucestershire in 1893. In August 1914 he joined the Royal Fusiliers as a lieutenant from the O.T.C. He was wounded at Loos, and after restoration to health, was transferred, on his own application, to the Royal Flying Corps. He has done considerable night-flying service against Zeppelins, apart from the feat that won his D.S.O.

Photograph by C.N.

A Revival or a Survival?

Contrary to what used to be the case, the extent to which the police-trapping of motorists is now conducted in the Metropolitan area probably exceeds that of the whole of the rest of the country. Whether this is necessary or desirable need not be debated for the moment; but there is an incidental feature of the business, where London is concerned, which undoubtedly calls for comment. I refer to the practice of putting a defendant in the cells if so be that

surprised to find his "crime" assessed at £5 and costs. He had only £3 in ready cash on his person, and naturally asked to be allowed to fetch the remainder, and offered to leave as security his watch and chain, worth several pounds, and then even his motorcycle and side-car, worth over £100. Not only were these requests refused, but he was clapped into a cell pending fulfilment of the claim. All that the police would do was to make inquiries of the friends he named, and eventually someone came up with the needful balance of £2 and thus secured his liberation. Now this system of incarceration requires approaching from two points. In the first place, it is confined to the London courts. Elsewhere, a motorist's cheque is accepted in any justice's court from end to end of England, even if he has come a hundred miles to answer the charge; but in the Metropolis, though the summons may have been served at the defendant's office less than a mile from the court itself, and the police know perfectly well who he is, the payment of the fine in hard cash is insisted upon. What will happen, one wonders, if in lighting cases under the Defence of the Realm Act the average £5 fine is suddenly increased to the maximum of £100? In the second place, if it is necessary for any reason to detain a



AWARDED THE D.S.O. FOR ATTACKING A ZEPPELIN: LIEUTENANT A. DE B. BRANDON, D.S.O., M.C.—ROYAL FLYING CORPS.

Lieutenant Alfred de Bath Brandon, of the Royal Flying Corps, now awarded the D.S.O., is a New Zealander, and was born in 1883. He qualified at a flying-school in October of last year, joined the R.F.C. in December, and received his appointment as a flying officer last February. The War Office report on an airship-raid of April 2 credits him with attacking a Zeppelin, and he was awarded the Military Cross last May.—[Photograph by C.N.]

the fine is heavier than he expected, and he has not sufficient ready money in his pocket. Is this a revival of an objectionable custom, or has it been in operation all along? Some years ago a London motorist appeared at a West-End Court to answer a charge of exceeding the speed-limit. To his surprise, a fine of £10 was imposed, and he had only £8 in his pocket. The police would not take a cheque for the remainder, nor valuables as security, nor allow the man to telephone to his friends—indeed, they would not even ring up the addresses he gave—and clapped him into a cell. It so happened, however, that he had driven to the court in a "taxi," which he left outside. After waiting a very long time, the driver made inquiries and learned what had happened. He hastened back to the club where he had picked up his fare and described the situation to some members in the hall, who promptly went off to the relief of their friend and got him out of the cells.

A Needless Indignity.

Now it was understood at the time that severe disapproval was expressed by the Commissioner of Police at the action of his subordinates in this matter. But I have just encountered a friend to whom almost identical treatment had been meted out the day before. Summoned at a Metropolitan court for exceeding the speed-limit on a motor-bicycle—and by no excessive margin, by the way—he was disagreeably

surprised to find his "crime" assessed at £5 and costs. He had only £3 in ready cash on his person, and naturally asked to be allowed to fetch the remainder, and offered to leave as security his watch and chain, worth several pounds, and then even his motorcycle and side-car, worth over £100. Not only were these requests refused, but he was clapped into a cell pending fulfilment of the claim. All that the police would do was to make inquiries of the friends he named, and eventually someone came up with the needful balance of £2 and thus secured his liberation. Now this system of incarceration requires approaching from two points. In the first place, it is confined to the London courts. Elsewhere, a motorist's cheque is accepted in any justice's court from end to end of England, even if he has come a hundred miles to answer the charge; but in the Metropolis, though the summons may have been served at the defendant's office less than a mile from the court itself, and the police know perfectly well who he is, the payment of the fine in hard cash is insisted upon. What will happen, one wonders, if in lighting cases under the Defence of the Realm Act the average £5 fine is suddenly increased to the maximum of £100? In the second place, if it is necessary for any reason to detain a



"STRAFER" OF 29 GERMAN AEROPLANES AND ONE DRACHEN: LIEUTENANT ALBERT BALL, D.S.O.

Lieutenant Ball, of the R.F.C., received the D.S.O. about a month ago, when he had brought down 20 German machines. He has since disposed of 9 more and one drachen (kite-balloon). He is a Nottingham man, and when war broke out enlisted in the Sherwood Foresters. He has the Military Cross.—[Photograph by C.N.]

Car-Lighting De Luxe.

Though lacking the proportions of the complete "Blue-Book of Car-Lighting" issued in ordinary times, the new catalogue which has just been issued by the firm of C. A. Vandervell and Co., of Acton, W., suffices to illustrate the variety and resources of the well-known C.A.V. system of illumination by dynamo and battery. Even in war time the range of available patterns is attractively comprehensive, and the price-list in question is well worth studying throughout. Personally, I have used a C.A.V. outfit for a long time past with every satisfaction—and, what is more, I have never found a firm more pleasant to deal with than the originators of this excellent system, and I find that my friends confirm my own experience *au pied de la lettre*. The whole subject of lighting is of such universal interest and importance that it would be impossible to overdo the handbooks which give clearly stated and well-proved information on a subject which concerns motorists of all classes.

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CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"Non-Combatants."

BY ROSE MACAULAY.

(Hodder and Stoughton.)

A dozen remarks might pass on the subject of Miss Macaulay's book, for it is a suggestive one, and this of them all would be pre-emphatic—that it carries to its reader the essence of a personality. Whether she be naïve or philosophic or intuitive or observant—and Miss Macaulay can be all these to a high degree—she is being herself, she is expressing herself, she is writing less on account of this or that manifestation of life or action than for the reason of her own relation towards it and to unfold that surface of her mind that mirrored it. It is undoubtedly the attitude of the genuine literary artist. Addison, Lamb, or Swift, those giant journalists of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, understood it well. It is the attitude of the poet. Everything mortal, like the drowned body of Ferdinand's father, must suffer a sea-change into something rich and strange before it can pass into poetry. In a minor way (because Miss Macaulay has not declared herself a poet), her most impersonal work, when she is busy carefully noting the habits and minds of others, remains personal to herself; and as soon as it is a question of more abstract things, like landscape, something very near poetry happens. Not much of such matters as country or weather breaks the study of what, at the College of Art, we called "the figure," but towards the last chapter there is a little lyrical

burst about Cambridgeshire quite perfect in its way. "Of all England the shire for men who understand," Miss Macaulay quotes—who, one wonders? Anyhow, *she* understands, and Cambridgeshire, "quiet, chalky, unknown, full of the equable Anglian peoples and limitless romance, a country of level horizon and straight white roads linking ancient village to ancient village, and untold dreams"—Cambridgeshire is all the richer henceforth for her sweet understanding

of it. Neither fine writing—it is too simply restrained—nor plot must be expected; one feels, rather, that Miss Macaulay set out with a clever little camera resolved to omit or retouch nothing, and at the last moment threw it away for this live, sensitive drawing of the people who live through a great war without being in it.

"The Green Alleys."

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

(Heinemann.)

In art there are many mansions, and a harebell swinging in the wind is not more removed from a giant chrysanthemum curled with Asiatic art than is the art of Miss Macaulay from that of Mr. Phillpotts. In an age of "isms," he is like an Old Master. Back from every show that intrigued, shocked, or impressed, the National Gallery will always welcome and restore her wanderers. And to dip into the opening chapters of an Eden Phillpotts is like standing before a Crome and a Hogarth. One says the two, because there is something of both in his work, which is always so deeply English in character and thought. With "The Green Alleys" he is in the Kentish hop-gardens towards their harvest

(Continued overleaf.)



ON SERVICE IN INDIA: A MEMBER OF OUR STAFF (AND ANOTHER SERGEANT) IN THEIR BUNGALOW IN INDIA.

This photograph has a "domestic" interest, as it shows on the right one of the numerous members of our staff who are on service—in this particular case, in India. Many pictures from "The Sketch" may be noticed on the walls of the bungalow.

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